

DELL

YOU can spend the summer with HUGH O'BRIAN! see inside

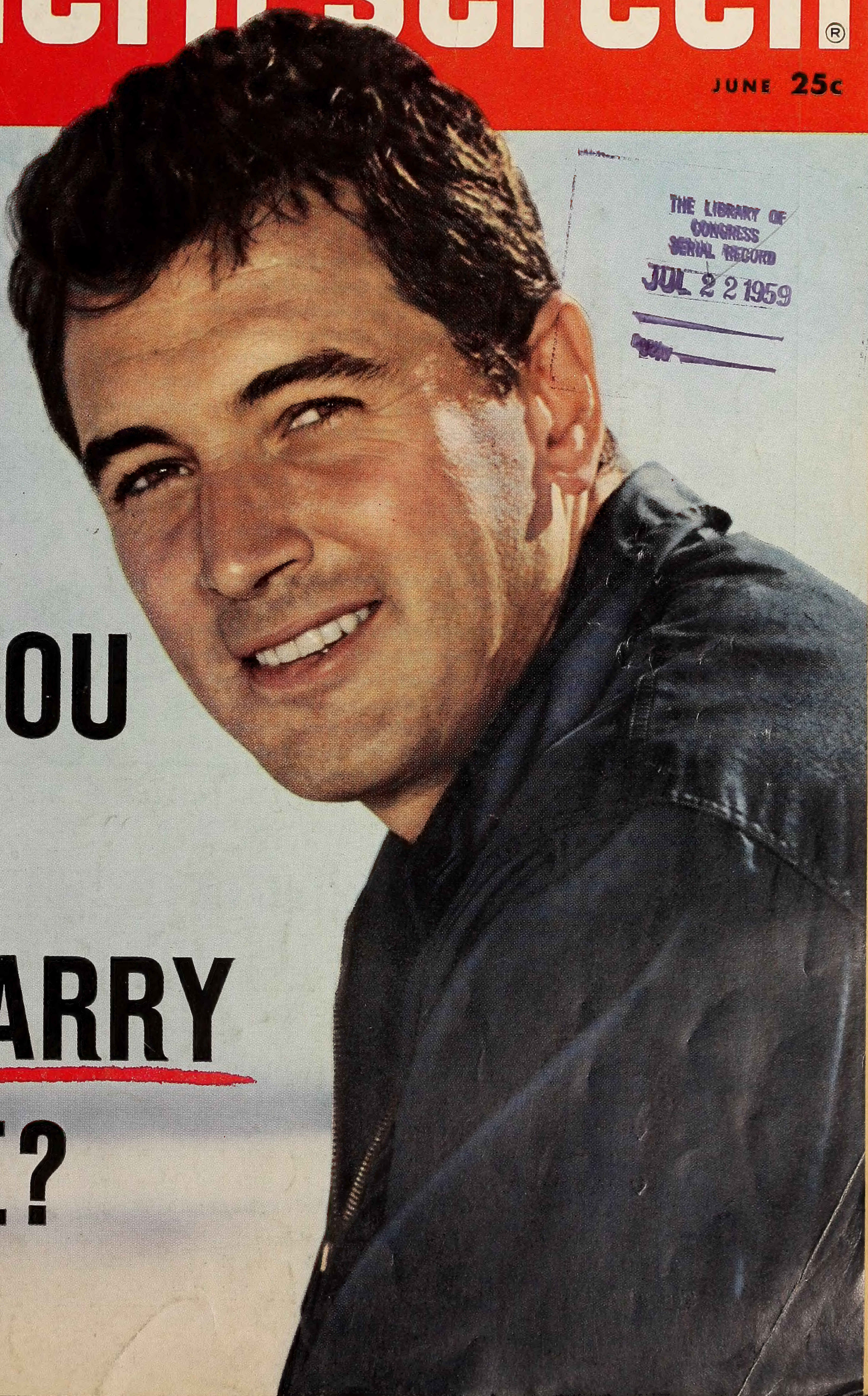
modern screen®

JUNE 25c

B. 782001
JUN -5 1959

The romance
that is shocking
Hollywood

ROCK!
ARE YOU
GOING
TO MARRY
DEBBIE?



THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUL 22 1959

JOHN SAXON, STAR OF UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL'S "THE RESTLESS YEARS"



"You can always tell a Halo Girl...you can tell by the shine of her hair"

Give your hair that extra-shine, too with today's Halo Shampoo

That satin-bright, satin-smooth shine is always the sign of a Halo Girl. For today's Halo, the truly modern beauty shampoo, has Extra-Shining Action.

- ♥ HALO shines as it cleans with the *purest, mildest, modern cleansing ingredient* possible. Halo leaves your hair sparkling clean, satin-bright.
- ♥ HALO shines as it rinses with the *fastest, most thorough rinsing action* possible. Halo leaves your hair satin-smooth, too—so *manageable*.

Brand-new beauty bottle, too. Everything about today's HALO makes it so easy for your hair to have that extra-bright "look-again" look. Try it today.

Today's HALO glorifies as it cleans... gives your hair that extra-bright shine.



new!
smart,
modern beauty
bottle

**New doctor prescribed wonder drug
does away with all special diets!**

JUN -5 1959

**BONDED
OFFER!**

YOU MUST LOSE UP TO 49 POUNDS OR WE PAY YOU \$14.00!

Never before! Now an amazing wonder drug contained in RX-120 available without a prescription! A miracle drug prescribed and tested by thousands of doctors for over 10 years! Take off ugly fat without special diets, without habit-forming drugs, calorie counting, exercise, hunger pangs, massage! Your own doctor can tell you about this great new victory over obesity!

Of all the problems that have baffled medical science, obesity has been one of the toughest to lick! Think of it—there are 67 million overweight men and women in America and nothing sold without a prescription—until this electrifying discovery... has done any good! Do you wonder why the whole medical profession is enthused about this amazing development that has produced such astonishing results when tried by thousands of doctors... when tested with brilliant success on thousands of patients? Do you wonder why the United States Government was happy to release this formula as SAFE to sell over any drug counter in the United States WITHOUT A PRESCRIPTION? This is tremendous news... news that can change your whole life, lengthen your life span, make you healthier, happier, more active, younger looking... slender and glamorous instead of "matronly."

Yes, RX-120 is the fabulous formula scientists have sought for since Dr. Nooden published his report on obesity back in 1900. Everything offered without a prescription since then has failed miserably—chewing gums, liquids, powders, crackers and hundreds of other so called reducing preparations. You can take your doctor's word for it, the wonder drug in RX-120 does work... it helps you take off up to 49 pounds. The most extensive clinic testing ever devoted to any drug is back of RX-120. There's never been such overwhelming medical evidence, such convincing PROOF! There are no "ifs, ands or buts" with this miracle drug. In fact, we are so positive we will pay you \$14.00 if you don't take off up to 49 pounds. Never before has any pharmaceutical company put such a daring guarantee in WRITING! The truth is no one could make such a guarantee because up to now there never has been a wonder drug sold over the counter that does such an amazing job of taking off unattractive excess weight!

HERE'S HOW YOU PROVE IT YOURSELF!

We don't have to tell you all the products you've wasted your money on trying to gain back your youthful figure are either frauds or too dangerous! You know this. Think back—you tried tablets that were supposed to put bulk in your stomach, you nibbled on cookies, ate crackers, swallowed liquid drops, tried chewing gums, ate candies,

vitamin mixtures, went nearly out of your mind with calorie counters, pages of special diets! You got nervous, jumpy as a cat on risky drugs that many doctors condemned because of dangerous side effects! You'll be happy to hear all this is a thing of the past! Amazing new RX-120 contains such an advanced wonder drug it makes all other so called reducers old fashioned. RX-120 is an honest product. It really works! It's backed by more medical evidence than any other product ever sold to take off fat! No other effective product has proven so SAFE... that's why the United States Government released it safe without a prescription in every city and hamlet in 48 states. It's true RX-120 will positively take off up to 49 pounds of excess weight caused by overeating or we'll pay you \$14.00. There's no doubt about it. Here's one product you don't risk one cent to PROVE! It really works!

Think of it! You must lose 9 pounds in 10 days... 18 pounds in 20 days... 27 pounds in 30 days... and 49 pounds in 8 weeks... or the medicine is FREE. Now here's our unheard of offer—read it carefully. You must lose the minimum number of pounds stated here with RX-120 or we'll give you back every cent you paid for each vial of RX-120 tablets!

PROOF POSITIVE!

You must lose 49 POUNDS in 8 weeks or we'll pay you \$14.00	You must lose 27 POUNDS in 30 days or we'll pay you \$7.00
You must lose 18 POUNDS in 20 days or we'll pay you \$5.00	You must lose 9 POUNDS in 10 days or we'll pay you \$3.00

Let's make this perfectly clear. If you take RX-120 for 10 days and don't lose at least 9 pounds, we'll send you a check for \$3.00. If you don't lose at least 18 pounds in 20 days, we'll send you a check for \$5.00. If you don't get rid of at least 27 pounds in 30 days, we'll send you a check for \$7.00. If you don't lose at least 49 pounds in only two months, we'll send you a check for \$14.00. Did you ever read an offer

The only reducing product where you see these words on the label!

"FOR TREATMENT OF OVERWEIGHT"

The law doesn't permit any other type of reducing product to print this on the label. Any government agent can tell you why. Because other types of reducing products just don't work. Unlike these other products, the miracle drug contained in RX-120 is a real medicine, a tested formula—made exclusively "to reduce excess weight." It really works! You don't have to count calories, follow a diet plan, practice our special foods, resort to iron will power. Take these tiny, tasteless pills as directed! You'll be amazed at how fast you really take off ugly fat! You may lose up to 49 pounds or we'll pay you \$14.00.



like this in your life? No—and you NEVER WILL — because only a good product that does everything claimed could be backed by such a guarantee!

HERE'S HOW RX-120 WORKS!

Unlike other reducing products you may have tried, new RX-120 works on an entirely different principle. It does four amazing things starting the very second you swallow the first tiny tablet—

- (1) It depresses your appetite.
- (2) It acts on your central nervous system; decreases your desire for food.
- (3) It acts in your intestinal tract—fights hunger contractions—telegraphs a "stop signal" to your brain when you're tempted to overeat or indulge in between-meal snacks!
- (4) It makes the food you eat stay in your stomach for a longer period.

Just think what this means to you! With this amazingly SAFE formula—that does not have the terrible side effects of other reducing drugs—your body will oxidize fat automatically as you eat less food... excess weight will literally vanish into thin air! Yes, your weight goes down, down, down every single day. The exciting part is you don't have to torture yourself with starvation diets! You don't have to take food supplements, habit forming drugs! You don't have to follow long winded reducing plans! You don't have to bore yourself counting calories! You don't have to exercise, spend miserable hour after hour in reducing salons! A whole new world will open up as you discover you can eat and enjoy the thousands of delicious, nutritious low calorie foods! You will live an active normal life—feel better than you ever did in your life—while you TRIM down to a glamorous figure in days, weeks! For now at last you can get RX-120 containing the new doctor tested wonder drug—without a prescription!

HELPS YOU RETRAIN YOUR EATING HABITS!

Doctors tell us that in most cases you are fat because you overeat. It's

as simple as that! You may not realize it but fat people have what amounts to an abnormal craving for food. YOUR appetite is aroused by the VERY smell and sight of certain foods. Be honest now. How many times have you started to reduce only to find you just can't stop or even CUT DOWN between-meal snacks? Over-eating soon becomes a deeply ingrained habit you can't break. "But why do I have this craving for food?" you ask. There are many reasons. Good food and lots of it may have been a family tradition. Some consider rich food a symbol of success.

What can you do about it? The answer has been a difficult problem to solve until the development of the wonder ingredient in RX-120. You know how hard it is to change long established habits. You know self-denial is not easy. You know how almost impossible it is to develop a will power of iron! But with new RX-120 you can change your habits—practically overnight. You can eat less without giving up the foods that taste so good. Down comes caloric intake—off comes excess fat. You don't have to rely on strong will power. You don't have to fight yourself every time you're tempted. Now you can take off that excess weight... without your ever being conscious of it!

GET YOUR RX-120 BEFORE IT IS RELEASED TO DRUG STORES!

Remember, RX-120 is not a diet, not a dull plan or regimen that tells you what to eat! It's not an ordinary

dietary supplement—it's a clinically tested, doctor approved medicine that has been PROVED effective when tried on over 2,000 overweight patients!... according to published reports. We'll be glad to send your doctor medical literature. RX-120 has been released as SAFE by the United States Government for sale without a prescription... but supply is limited. It won't be shipped to drug stores until November 15, 1959. But you can order direct from Wilson-Williams Inc., 273 Columbus Ave., Tuckahoe, N. Y.—if you act now! So hurry—order your RX-120 right NOW. Just fill out the coupon today and mail it while you're thinking about it. RX-120 is sent to you on a no risk 10-day trial.

Remember, you must lose 9 pounds in 10 days or we pay you \$3.00. You must lose 18 pounds in 20 days or we pay you \$5.00. You must take off 27 pounds in 30 days or you get \$7.00. You must PROVE you can lose up to 49 pounds in just 8 weeks or we pay you \$14.00. You have nothing to lose but ugly fat!

SEND NO MONEY! FREE 10 DAY TRIAL!

Fill out coupon below. Be sure to indicate the size of RX-120 you want us to rush to you immediately! Start taking RX-120 the day it arrives. Check your scales every day. Keep a careful record of your weight losses! Remember, you must lose 9 pounds in just 10 days or we pay you \$3.00. You can just as easily take off 18 pounds, 27 pounds or up to 49 pounds depending on the number of days you take this new wonder drug! Don't forget, you must lose the minimum number of pounds claimed or you get every cent back. If you don't lose 9, 18, 27 or up to 49 pounds—merely send us proof of purchases. Yes, you must lose up to 49 pounds with NEW RX-120 or we will rush you a check for \$14.00. Don't wait—check the quantity wanted, fill in the coupon today and mail it right now. You don't have to send any money—your first bottle will be rushed to you. But do it NOW!

©Wilson-Williams Inc.,
273 Columbus Ave., Tuckahoe, N. Y.

RUSH NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

Wilson-Williams Inc., 273 Columbus Avenue, Dept. 238, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Rush my RX-120 immediately. I must lose pounds guaranteed by you above or you will pay me the amount specified.

☐ Rush 10 day supply. I will pay postman only \$3.00 plus C.O.D. postage and handling. ☐ Rush 20 day supply. I will pay postman only \$5.00 plus C.O.D. postage and handling. ☐ Rush 30 day supply. I will pay postman only \$7.00 plus C.O.D. postage and handling.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

SAVE MUCH MORE! Postal rates have gone up! Enclose ☐ cash, ☐ check, or ☐ money-order for ☐ \$3.00, ☐ \$5.00 or ☐ \$7.00 and you save high postage and C.O.D. handling charges! Same money back guarantee.

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The cover photo of Liz and Eddie is by Mead Maddick of Topix.
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I'm a new me for the new fashions

All it took was a new point of view! And now I'm all enthused over the new spring lines and styles! Now I'm having a gay time shopping for the *right* frock to "go" with my way of living! For I'm a *casual* kind of girl. I like to feel *free, be natural*. That's what governs my choice of fashions. And *that's* what governs my choice of sanitary protection, too.

Because I want to feel free, comfortable, poised on "problem days"—I choose Tampax® internal sanitary protection! Puts an end to chafing pads and twisting belts. Prevents odor from forming. Is wonderfully simple to insert, change, dispose of. Wonderfully convenient to carry. No other sanitary protection is better suited to modern living—to *my* way of living!

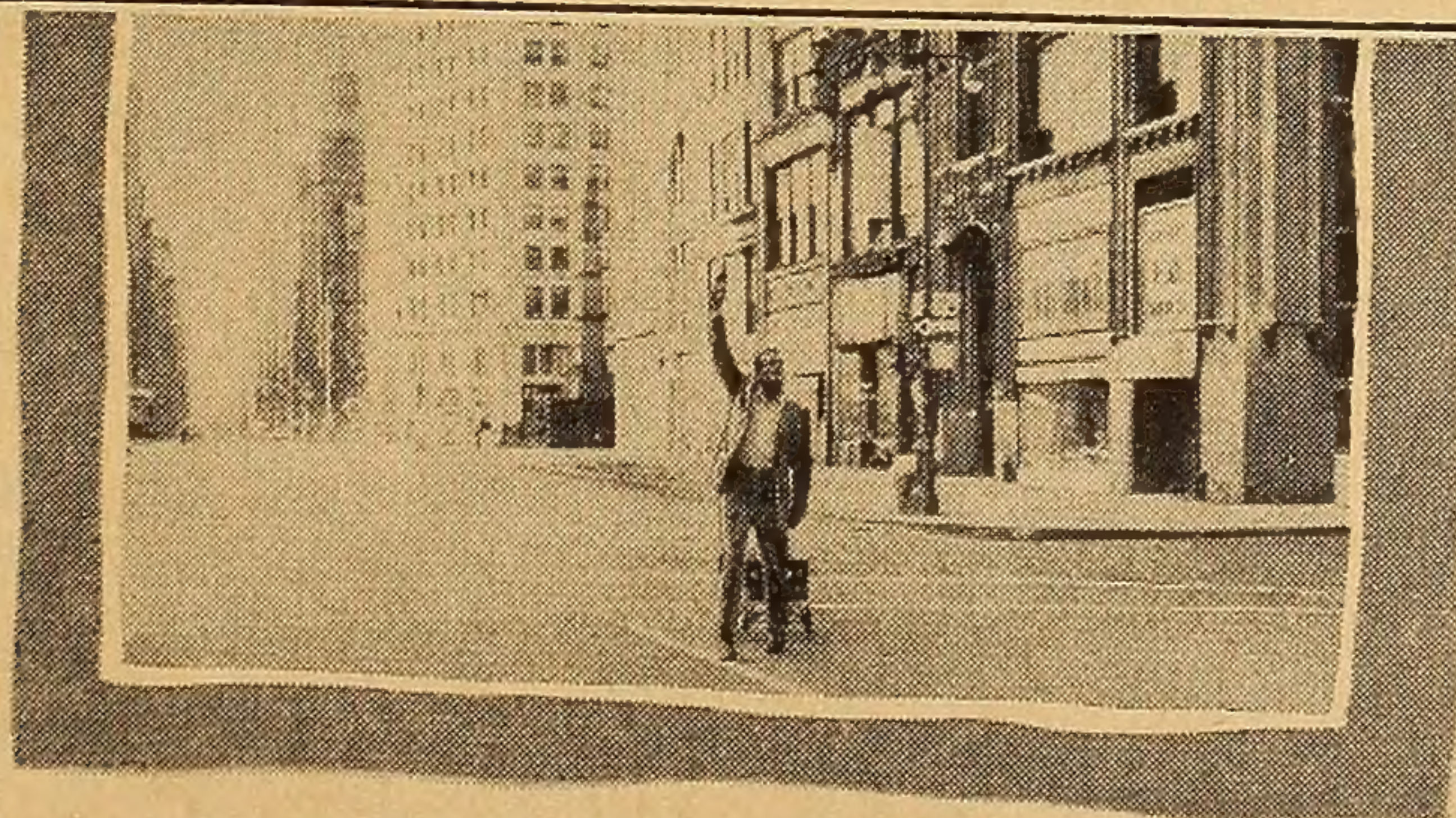
Thinking back on it—it took a new point of view for me to change to Tampax, too—a view toward *better, nicer* ways of handling those days. Why don't *you* change to Tampax, too? In Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies, wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

The Most Unusual Story Ever Told!

M-G-M presents A SOL C. SIEGEL PRODUCTION starring

HARRY BELAFONTE • INGER STEVENS • MEL FERRER

*New dramatic
stature for your
singing star*



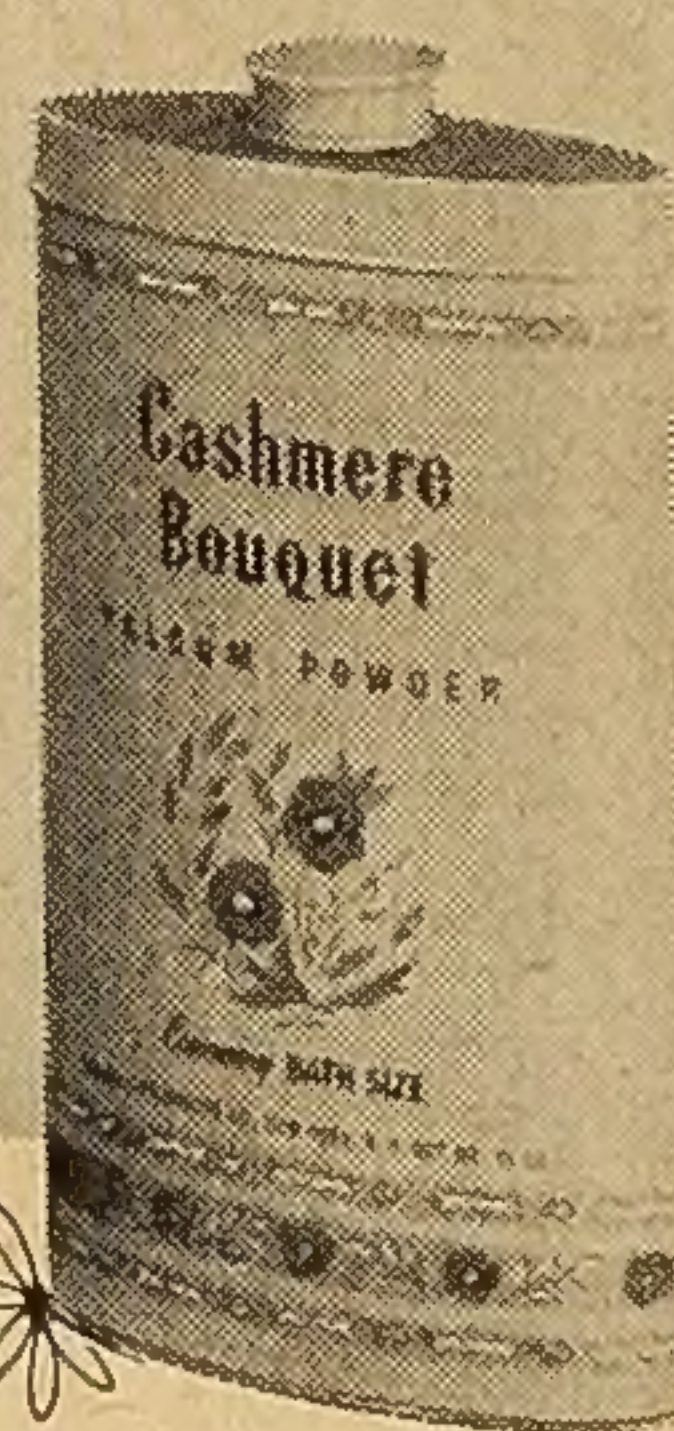
Screen Play by RANALD MacDOUGALL • Screen Story by FERDINAND REYHER

In CinemaScope • Made by Siegel-HarBel Productions

Directed by RANALD MacDOUGALL • Produced by GEORGE ENGLUND



Your
fragrant
veil of
freshness...



Cashmere
Bouquet
Talc...scents and
silken every inch of you
...more lastingly...
more lovingly than
costly cologne

No cologne protects and
prolongs daintiness like Cashmere
Bouquet Talc. Can't evaporate.
Won't dry your skin. Will leave you
silken-smooth, flower-fresh all over
for hours. Let Cashmere Bouquet,
made of pure imported Talc, be your
lasting Veil of Freshness.

Cashmere Bouquet...
The Fragrance Men Love

THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, Box 2291, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y. The most interesting letters will appear here. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Several months ago MODERN SCREEN said that they thought **Johnny Saxon** and **Vickie Thal** were secretly married. Then the newspapers and other magazines said they broke up. Now I see pictures of them together. What goes?
—M.V., TORONTO, CANADA

A According to their close friends who have spent many week ends sailing with **Johnny** and **Vickie**, they are Mr. and Mrs.

Q Is it true that **Yul Brynner** is slowly going blind?
—P.D., WATERBURY, VT.

A **Yul** recently had an operation for a serious eye ailment. His doctors are hopeful that his sight will be saved.

Q I read a TV review which said that **James Garner** had someone singing for him when he appeared on the **Bing Crosby** show. Who dubbed his voice?
—B.B., LONG BEACH, CALIF.

A **Jim** did his own singing. He's now set to record for Dot Records.

Q Did that very revealing picture of **Suzy Parker** in a bikini that has appeared in a men's magazine have anything to do with the problems that **Suzy** is now having with her husband?
—D.R., STRAWBERRY POINT, IOWA

A Very little.

Q What's the lowdown on the relationship between **Debbie Reynolds** and **Mike Savage**? Are they in love?
—F.L., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A At the moment they are just good friends.

Q Do you know anything about the alleged **Richard Burton-Susan Strassberg-Laurence Olivier** triangle? Isn't it true that neither men have spoken since both showed an interest in **Susan** last year?
—Z.C., AKRON, OHIO

A **Olivier** and **Burton** are still very much married. And both men were frequent cocktail companions when they were in Hollywood on picture assignments recently. Their interest in **Susie** was fatherly.

Q Anything to the rumors that **Janet Leigh** is retiring from films?
—F.F., ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

A Nothing—except publicity.

Q Now that **Bob Mitchum** is well over forty and the father of two teenage sons, has he calmed down any from his own wild ways?
—A.M., NEEDLES, ARIZ.

A **Mitchum** is a great believer in the phrase: *Life Begins at Forty*.

Q Is **Ann Blyth** so hard up for a job that she had to take a role in the TV *Western Wagon Train*? Won't any of the movie studios hire her?
—W.R., COPAIQUE, L.I.

A **Ann** would rather take a TV role that will keep her near her home and family, than a movie role that will take her to Europe, or on a long vacation.

Q What weapon did **Anna Kashfi** use against **Marlon Brando** to get such a huge amount of money from him when they divorced?
—S.H., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

A **Marlon** wanted to be sure his son was well provided for at all times.

Q Isn't the real reason **Lana Turner** bowed out of *Anatomy of a Murder* because of designs newly-divorced director **Otto Preminger** had on her?
—M.D., DES MOINES, IOWA

A It was only the designs he had okayed for her wardrobe that caused problems.

Q Do you think there is any chance of **Diane Varsi** ever returning to an acting career?
—P.S., HUSTON, TEXAS

A Every chance.

Q Whatever happened to **Jean Peters**? I haven't read a word about her since she became Mrs. Howard Hughes. Is she still in Hollywood?
—C.E., JAMAICA, B.W.I.

A **Jean** resides in a well-guarded bungalow in a Beverly Hills hotel. She seldom goes out.

Q Was it just me . . . or was it my local movie house or what? But *Green Mansions* seemed terribly disjointed and confused. I loved the book—but what happened to the picture?
—D.U., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A Fifty per cent of **Audrey Hepburn's** scenes were cut out as were **Lee J. Cobb's**. **Mel Ferrer**, who directed, was furious.

*Who
and why
and what
the hell
am I?
he fumed...*

**AND WHEN
THE ANSWERS
DIDN'T COME
THERE WAS ALWAYS
ONE PLACE HE
COULD GO...**

Paul Newman *as one of today's angry young moderns
breathing hot for a claw-hold in the world!*

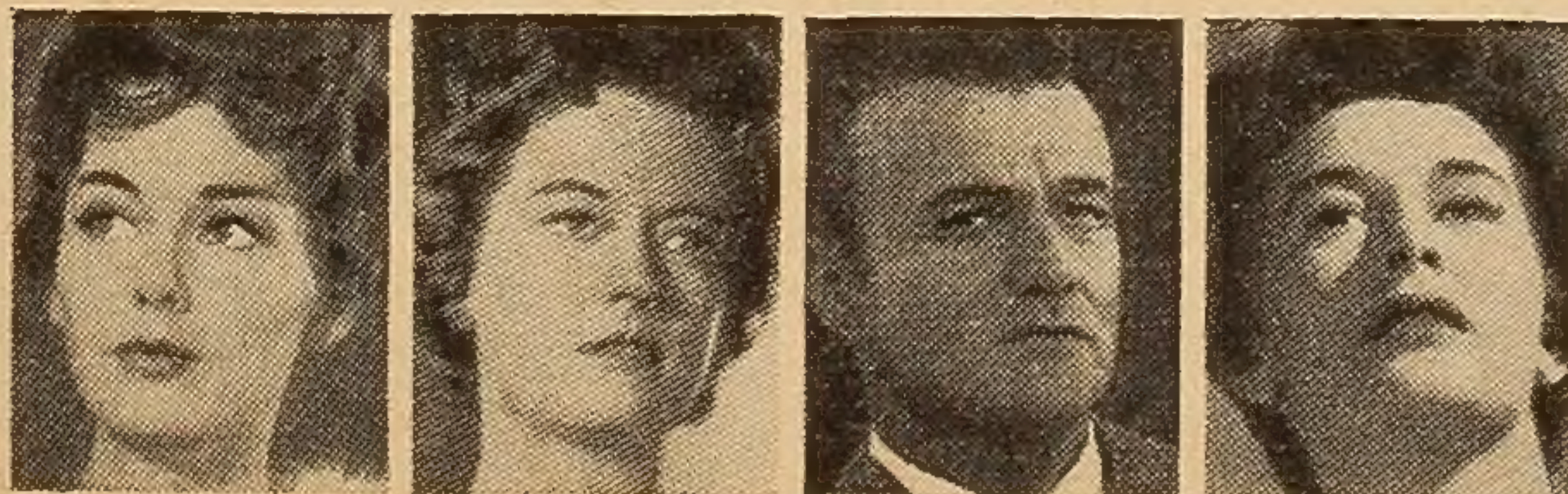
"The Young Philadelphians"

WITH ALL THE BOLDNESS OF THE SMASHING BEST SELLER!



CO-STARRING

BARBARA RUSH • ALEXIS SMITH
BRIAN KEITH • DIANE BREWSTER
BILLIE BURKE • JOHN WILLIAMS



SCREENPLAY BY JAMES GUNN • FROM THE NOVEL BY RICHARD POWELL • DIRECTED BY VINCENT SHERMAN • PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.

Anne's WRETCHED



PERIODIC PAIN

Menstrual pain had Anne down but Midol brought quick comfort. Midol acts three ways to bring faster, more complete relief from menstrual distress. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues".

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"
a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't F-69, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Anne's RADIANT WITH MIDOL



HOW 10,000 FANS KEPT A SECRET

By Merry Stevens as told to Nancy Streebeck

One afternoon last January, a popular young singer was entertaining for a group of teenagers at Santa Monica High School. Suddenly a familiar TV figure interrupted him in the middle of his first song. It was Ralph Edwards. He had selected Jimmie Rodgers as his principal subject for the *This is Your Life* television program.

Jimmie's wife Colleen had learned early in October that Ralph Edwards was interested in presenting Jimmie's life. She supplied them with details about his personal life and career. Arrangements were made with the high school officials to have him perform for the students and only the principal knew what would really take place.

As Jimmie's secretary, one of my duties is to keep his national fan club informed of all his activities. But I was hesitant when Colleen asked me to inform all the members our star would be on *This is Your Life*.

"That's impossible!" I shouted. "With so many people knowing about it, someone is sure to spill the beans."

"I know that Jimmie would want all the members of his club to share this special event with him. I'm sure they'll keep the secret if we ask them to be very quiet about it . . ."

Once the notices were run off, the next step was to keep Jimmie out of the office. Colleen solved this problem by telling him that she had lost her key to the office and would have to borrow his. Once she obtained it, she simply forgot to return it.

One morning, Jimmie dropped by unexpectedly. About 500 notices were sitting on a tray attached to the mimeograph machine. Jimmie decided to examine the machine. I might have known—for he likes to push all the buttons and gadgets. I held my breath while he diddled with the machine—but for some reason he just didn't notice the notices!

Colleen and I agreed to send the notices by first class mail, so that each member would receive his announcement one day in advance, or on the very day of the show.

I was still afraid, though, that someone would give the secret away. But I was wrong. Because on the afternoon of January 21, Jim was the most surprised guy in town. Not one member of his club had tried to call or contact him to give the secret away.

At the moment I know of at least 10,000 fans who are the most loyal and sincere kids I've ever run across—and, wow, can they ever keep a secret!

NEW MOLLÉ QUICKIE CONTEST!

FIRST PRIZE

\$150.00
SECOND PRIZE

\$50.00
THIRD PRIZE

4th through 20th PRIZES, each \$5.00
21st through 100th PRIZES, each \$1.00

100 PRIZES Altogether!

YES, YOU ENTER FREE! — AND THERE ARE NO JINGLES TO COMPOSE, NO STATEMENTS TO WRITE!

SKILL ALONE with winners selected on the basis of their point scores...not on the whim of judges. Send in your Free Entry Coupon today and within 14 days we will mail to you personally the High Score for this puzzle! **QUICK** enough? **FAIR** enough? **FUN** enough? Don't delay—Act today! Think of the **CASH** that might be yours!

EASY RULES

1. **ENTRY COUPON.** Send in your solution on one of the Free Entry Coupons below. 3 words must read Across and 3 words must read Down. One of the words used must be the identity of the object illustrated in the Official Puzzle. Each of the 9 letters used is worth a certain number of points—add them up and you've got your score. That's right—add the values for the 9 letters—but **add them only once as shown** in the sample! The 6 words must be from the Word List—the Letter Values are listed beside the Word List. Use no word more than once.

2. **PRIZES.** The highest scoring contestants, in accordance with the official rules, will win the prizes, which will be awarded in order of relative scoring rank.

- 3. WHO MAY NOT ENTER.** This contest is closed to employees, agents, relatives and others connected with this contest, including anyone who has won over \$500 in a single puzzle contest before entering this contest.

4. **TIES.** Ties are to be expected, in which event, tied-for prizes will be reserved until ties are broken. Such tied contestants will compete in as many additional free puzzles as required to break ties, but not to exceed nine more, after which if ties still exist, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Tiebreakers will be more difficult and values may also be given for combinations of letters, and the puzzles may be made up of more than one frame each. Tie-breaker puzzles will be required to be solved and judged only if ties still exist after judging of preceding puzzles. No payments or purchases of any kind will be required with tiebreaking submissions to **compete for the \$1,500 1st Prize and the other basic prizes listed in the headline, including the Bonus Prize** At least 3 days will be allowed for the solution of each mailed tiebreaker. If necessary tied contestants may be required to do one or more tie-breaking puzzles under supervision and without assistance in a 2-6 hour period per tiebreaker. The right is reserved to make such further rules as deemed necessary for proper functioning of contest and to assure fair and equal opportunity to all contestants, and all contestants agree to be bound by same.

5. **DATES.** Entries must be postmarked not later than July 4, 1959. Everyone in the family may enter—but only one entry per person. Each entry must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Original and tie-breaker solutions NOT accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope may be disqualified!** You may draw by hand a copy of the Free Entry Coupon and use it to enter. The right is reserved to offer increased, additional or duplicate prizes. Contest subject to applicable State and Federal regulations. No submissions will be returned and no responsibility is assumed for lost or delayed mail or delivery thereof. Judges' decisions final. Prize money on deposit in bank. Full list of winners available to all contestants as soon as final judging is completed. **HIGH SCORE FOR THIS PUZZLE WILL BE MAILED TO EACH ENTRANT WITHIN 14 DAYS OF DATE ENTRY IS RECEIVED.**

SAMPLE SOLUTION

Here is a Sample Puzzle which shows you how to get a score of 70. This is not a very good solution as it is easily possible to get a higher score. Now try the Official Puzzle at left.

B 10	A 10	T 10	10 10 10 3 5 10 2 10 10 70
I 3	C 5	E 10	
S 2	E 10	A 10	
TOTAL SCORE			

TOTAL SCORE

70

MOLLÉ
Brushless
SHAVE CREAM

For the world's smoothest, most comfortable shave

- Heavier, richer cream loaded with lanolin
- Leaves your face refreshed
- Gives you a shave that lasts all day!

BONUS PRIZE! GET SOMEONE ELSE TO ENTER THIS CONTEST AND YOU WILL RECEIVE A BONUS PRIZE OF AN EXTRA \$500 CASH IF YOU WIN FIRST PRIZE!

To prove you were responsible for your friend or relative entering, have him print your name on the back of his or her Free Entry Coupon. Send in your Free Entry Coupon NOW—have him send in his Free Entry Coupon in a separate letter including his own stamped, self-addressed envelope.

YOU ENTER ON ONE COUPON—LET A FRIEND OR RELATIVE ENTER ON THE OTHER

SEND IN COUPON ONLY—DON'T SEND PUZZLE ITSELF

FREE ENTRY
COUPON
(PRINT NAME CLEARLY)



1. **My Name** _____
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WITHOUT BLEACHING OR DYEING

Nestle Colorinse glorifies your natural hair shade with glamorous color-highlights and silken sheen. Colorinse also removes dulling soap film, makes hair easier to manage, unbelievably lovely! 12 colors that rinse in...shampoo out! 29¢

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Nestle Colortint intensifies your natural hair color OR adds thrilling NEW color. Colortint also blends-in gray hair to youthful new beauty! More than a rinse but not a permanent dye—Colortint lasts through 3 shampoos! 10 fabulous shades. 35¢

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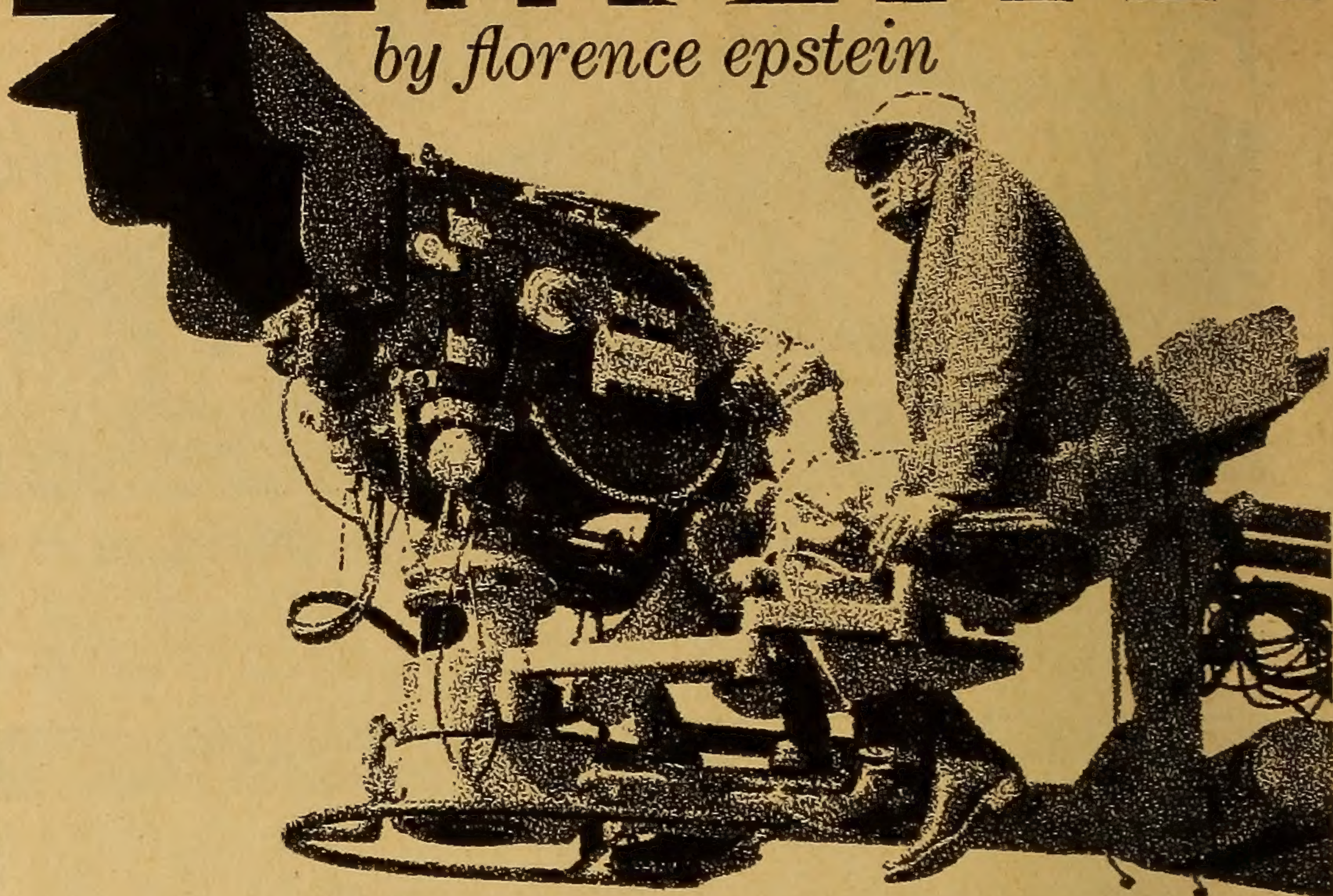


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new movies

by florence epstein



THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK

under Nazi terror

Millie Perkins
Joseph Schildkraut
Shelley Winters
Richard Beymer
Ed Wynn

■ This picture is based on the diary of a Jewish girl who was thirteen when the Nazis invaded Holland, and fifteen when she died in a concentration camp two months before the liberation of her country. For two years Anne (Millie Perkins), her father (Joseph Schildkraut), mother and sister were hidden by Dutch friends—who were not Jewish—in an attic apartment from which they dared not stir. With them was another Jewish family, the Van Daans (Shelley Winters, her husband and son). Soon to join them was dentist Ed Wynn. All weekday long they lived in silence, without moving for fear of being detected and reported by the workers in a factory downstairs. At night, they came to life—and most alive of all was Anne—playful, moody, poetic, brave. She even found love, and loved the whole world. Always in danger, at times on the verge of being discovered—as, in the end, they are—these people are, most of the time, themselves. This is what makes the story so touching and unusual.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

GREEN MANSIONS

jungle love

Audrey Hepburn
Anthony Perkins
Lee J. Cobb
Sessue Hayakawa
Henry Silva

■ *Green Mansions* was a truly enchanting novel that left you with a sense of mystery and wonder. It's hard for a movie to capture all that, and this movie doesn't. Anthony Perkins, running away from a Caracas revolution, is captured in the wild and beautiful jungle of South America by a tribe of savages. These savages are very impressed by courage—and Anthony impresses them by talking twenty-four hours, uninterrupted. Chief Sessue Hayakawa makes Anthony his son, and asks him to go into a forbidden part of the jungle and kill the evil bird girl there. The girl is Audrey Hepburn. But in the movie she can't just *be* there—ethereal, strange,



Millie Perkins and Ed Wynn both star in the stirring wartime drama, *THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK*.

lovely; she has to have a history, and *we* have to hear it. She lives with her grandfather (Lee J. Cobb). Actually, he's not even related. He used to be a thief, part of a gang that sacked Audrey's village home for gold. But all these years his guilty conscience made him take care of Audrey. Finally, the three of them leave the forest and head for the village. But Sessue's savages aren't going to let them off that easily. Of course, Audrey discovers love with Anthony. That's the whole point. But there are so many *real* things in this movie that the tender, haunting *fantasy* which it was *supposed* to be got lost somewhere.—CINEMASCOPE, MGM.

THE NAKED MAJA

an historic romance

Ava Gardner
Anthony Franciosa
Amedeo Nazzari
Gino Cervi
Lea Padovani

■ Beautiful backgrounds and costumes (it is Spain at the end of the Eighteenth century) form the setting for this movie. Goya, the great artist, plays very second fiddle to Goya, the great lover—both (Continued on page 10)

Style-support is the key to the extra crown height in "Empirette". With Bobbi it's simple as setting.



New improved Bobbi waves in *style-support* with the ease and softness of a setting

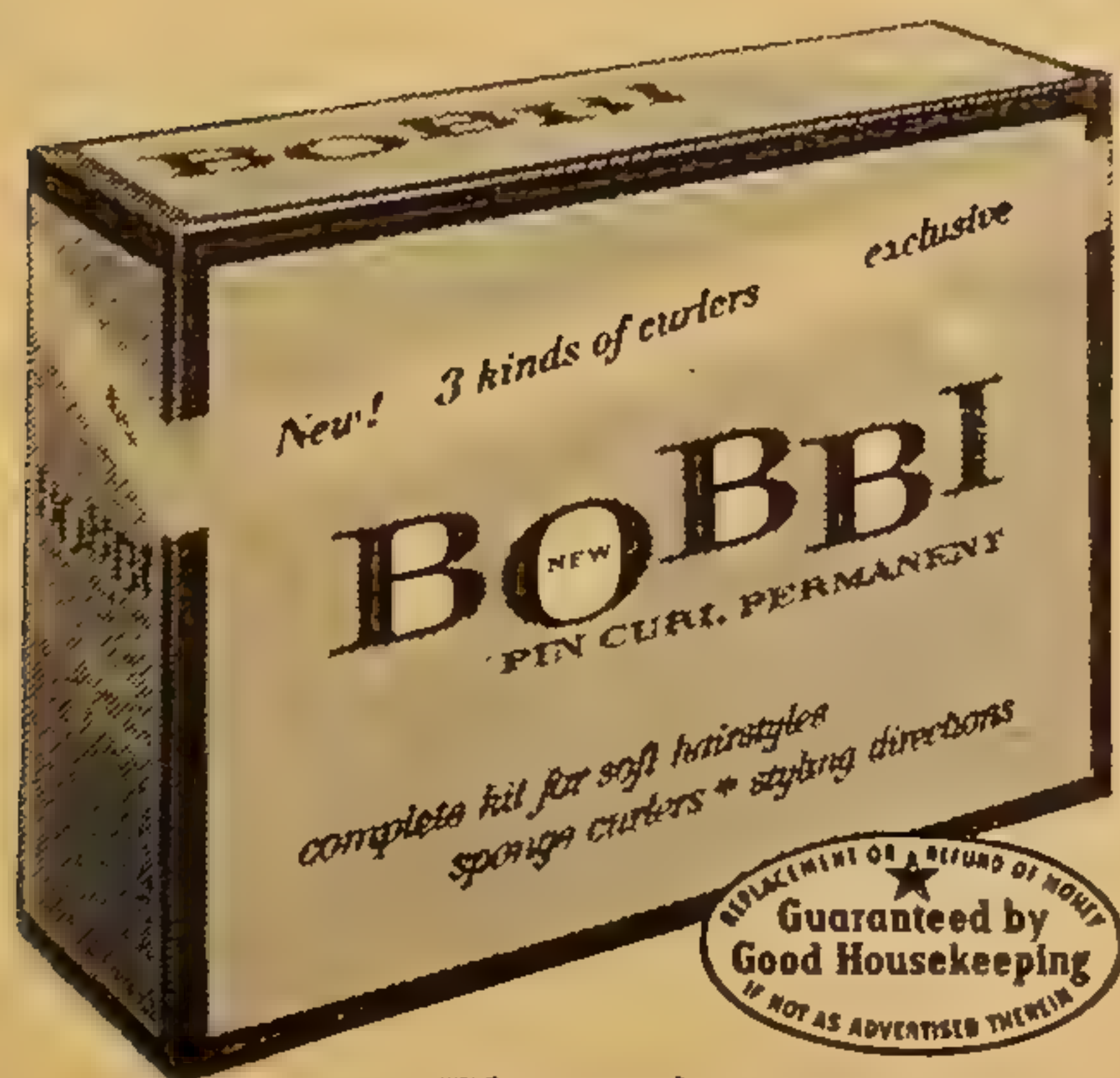


The lifted crown of "Rising Star" gets style-support from Bobbi's sponge rollers.

Bobbi's curlers give style-support for the casual, yet well-mannered look of "Aureole".



The only pin curl permanent with sponge rollers, neckline rods and pin-curlers...waves in the style you want with the support it needs.

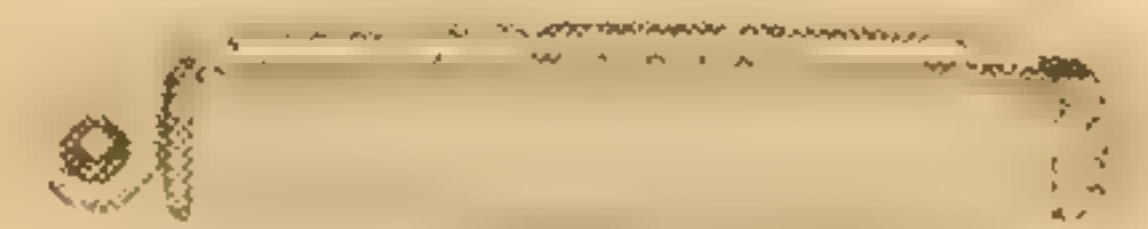


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Style-support... the new Bobbi magic that lets you have and hold a soft, modern hairstyle as never before! Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give each waving area the curl strength it needs for modern styling. Bobbi's so easy! It's self-neutralizing and, of course, there's no resetting. New improved Bobbi—waves in style-support! Complete kit, only \$2.00. Refill without curlers, \$1.50.

ONLY NEW BOBBI GIVES YOU ALL 3 KINDS OF CURLERS

40 CASUAL PIN-CURLERS for easy, over-all softness in major areas.



6 LARGE SPONGE ROLLERS for areas needing extra body or "lift".

6 MIDGET RODS for curling stubborn neckline stragglers.

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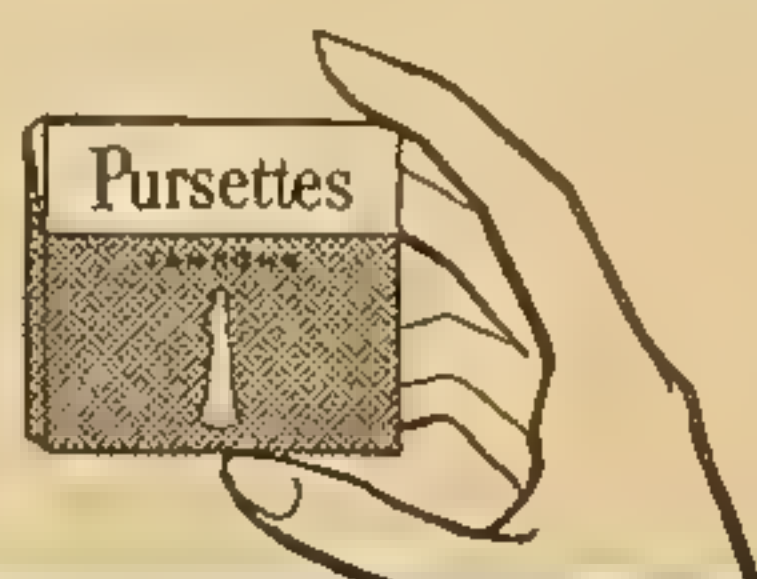
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A wonderful new, safe kind of internal sanitary protection—that's Pursettes tampons. The exclusive pre-lubricated tip does away with bulky cardboard applicators—makes insertion easy, gentle, medically correct. More comfortable to use than ordinary tampons.

Designed by a doctor, Pursettes are daintier and smaller in size, because they are compressed in a unique way. Yet they are 25% more absorbent than regular applicator-type tampons. A box of 10 tucks into a tiny purse. 40's also available. At drugstores now.

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Please send me a FREE supply of Pursettes. I am enclosing the K, M or T from a box of my present sanitary protection plus 15c for postage and handling.

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new movies

(Continued from page 8) are played by Anthony Franciosa. The Inquisition is still going on; girls are being burned for witches; and Anthony is helplessly enraged. Also enraged is the Duchess of Alba (Ava Gardner) whose sympathies are always with the people. When she first meets Anthony he is with the people; he is sitting, sketching, in a saloon. Some bull-fighter there insults Ava and Anthony defends her honor. So she invites him to her palace. He can't make it because he's busy painting frescoes for a church. By the time he's appointed Court Painter it's obvious that he and Ava are mad about each other. But there are so many other things to be mad about (the ineffectual king, the corrupt court, the Queen and Prime Minister who betray Spain to France's Napoleon) that they can hardly enjoy each other's company. They have a few happy months when Ava is sent into exile. But she has to send Anthony back to save his life (politics, you know). He thinks she doesn't love him any more. When they finally get together again someone in Ava's palace is busy poisoning Ava. It's an ill-fated affair.—TECHNICOLOR, UNITED ARTISTS.

ALIAS JESSE JAMES

Bob Hope rides again

Bob Hope
Rhonda Fleming
Wendell Corey
Mary Young
Jim Davis

■ Bob Hope is the worst insurance salesman in history. To prove this he sells a \$100,000 life insurance policy to notorious gunman Jesse James (alias Wendell Corey) whom the law wants dead or alive. Hope's apoplectic boss sends him out West with orders either to buy back the policy or to become Wendell's personal bodyguard for life. Bob can't buy back the policy, because on the train going out he and everybody else are held up by Wendell and Company. So he befriends Wendell and his mom (who polishes her son's arsenal every night). Just for fun Bob puts on one of Wendell's cowboy outfits. This gives Wendell the idea that if Hope is found dead, and identified as Jesse James, then he—Wendell—can collect the policy money and go to California with Rhonda Fleming. Amazingly enough, Rhonda loves Bob, and Bob is not so dumb that he doesn't wear a bullet-proof vest in case of emergency. The emergency happens very soon.—TECHNICOLOR, UNITED ARTISTS.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL

after the atom bomb

Harry Belafonte
Inger Stevens
Mel Ferrer

■ Trapped by a mine cave-in, Harry Belafonte feels justly proud when he manages to dig himself out. Climbing way up to the surface, he notices something peculiar. Nobody's there. It turns out nobody's anywhere. This is the way the world ends. Atomic poison. Harry helps himself to a car and drives hundreds of miles to New York. Nobody's there, either. Never have you seen such a deserted city. To keep himself from going crazy he drags a couple of store-window dummies into his apartment, plays and sings to them on the guitar. He spends the days collecting things of value—paintings, books. Somehow his hope hasn't died; he thinks life will come back again. There is another person alive—Inger Stevens, who's been watching him for weeks, afraid to come close. They finally meet. One would think that mankind had

learned a lesson about living together. No, indeed. In the old world Harry was Negro, and in this world—which is all his and Inger's—he can't forget it. Otherwise he's very bright. Before long he's got the telephone working and the radio fixed so that he can send out messages other survivors might pick up. So it goes until Mel Ferrer pops into view in a little boat on the East River. Mel is white—and mad for love. He's even willing to kill for it. (Guess who he's willing to kill!) This movie is based on a very exciting idea, and the photography's great—but the people in it act as if nothing unusual had happened.—CINEMASCOPE, MGM.

SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL

James Cagney
Don Murray
Dana Wynter
Glynis Johns
Michael Redgrave

about the Irish Rebellion

■ Ireland is not the safest place to be in 1921. The British have sent in the Black-and-Tans—an irregular but tough army—to subdue the rebels fighting for independence. The rebels don't subdue easily—in fact, not at all. Led on raids by fiery James Cagney they're not afraid to die. During the day Cagney is a respected medical professor. One of his students is American Don Murray, who doesn't believe in violence, even though his father was a rebel hero. But he soon finds himself faced with a choice: to be hunted down by the Black-and-Tans or to leave Ireland (he's already decided not to join the rebels). When he's captured by the army, tortured for information and saved by the rebels he decides not to desert them—and becomes involved in perilous missions. He helps kidnap Dana Wynter, daughter of a British official, and holds her hostage until the old and aristocratic Dame Sybil Thorndike, who has been arrested and imprisoned as a rebel, is released. Meanwhile there is talk of peace. But it's not the kind of peace Cagney wants. By this time he's become a dangerous fanatic. The climax is exciting—and so is the whole movie.—UNITED ARTISTS.

WARLOCK

a passionate Western

Richard Widmark
Henry Fonda
Anthony Quinn
Dorothy Malone
Dolores Michaels

■ Warlock's a town where nobody wants to be sheriff, because the sheriff doesn't live long. A wild gang, led by rich Tom Drake, rides in every so often to get drunk and shoot up anything that moves. Desperate, the townfolk hire a gunman (Henry Fonda) who has straightened out a lot of towns in his time—always with the help of a crippled gambler, Anthony Quinn. These two boys are brave and inseparable. Once Quinn was in love with Dorothy Malone, but she threw him over for someone else (whoever it was, Quinn arranged for Henry to kill him). Now Dorothy hates them both, and is coming to Warlock for revenge. She brings the dead man's brother along, but Quinn shoots him on the road. He makes it seem as if one of the gang did it, but Dorothy knows better. She seeks help from Richard Widmark, formerly of the gang, presently the only man in Warlock willing to become deputy sheriff. Fonda doesn't mind giving up his power—since he's planning to marry Dolores Michaels, but Quinn minds very much. He figures Fonda—not Widmark—has to be top man, and he doesn't want Fonda to get married, either. There are gun fights galore in this Western.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

(Continued on page 12)



*I dreamed I got a lift in my
maidenform* bra!*

Wheeee . . . look at me! I'm carried away by Dec-La-Tay*, the new *front-close* bra with smooth, airy all-elastic back! I can't possibly slip, nor can Dec-La-Tay (inner grip bands keep it up to *stay!*) Cool nylon cups, foam-rubber firmed. The skyline (and *my* line) have never looked lovelier! A, B, C cups 5.95.



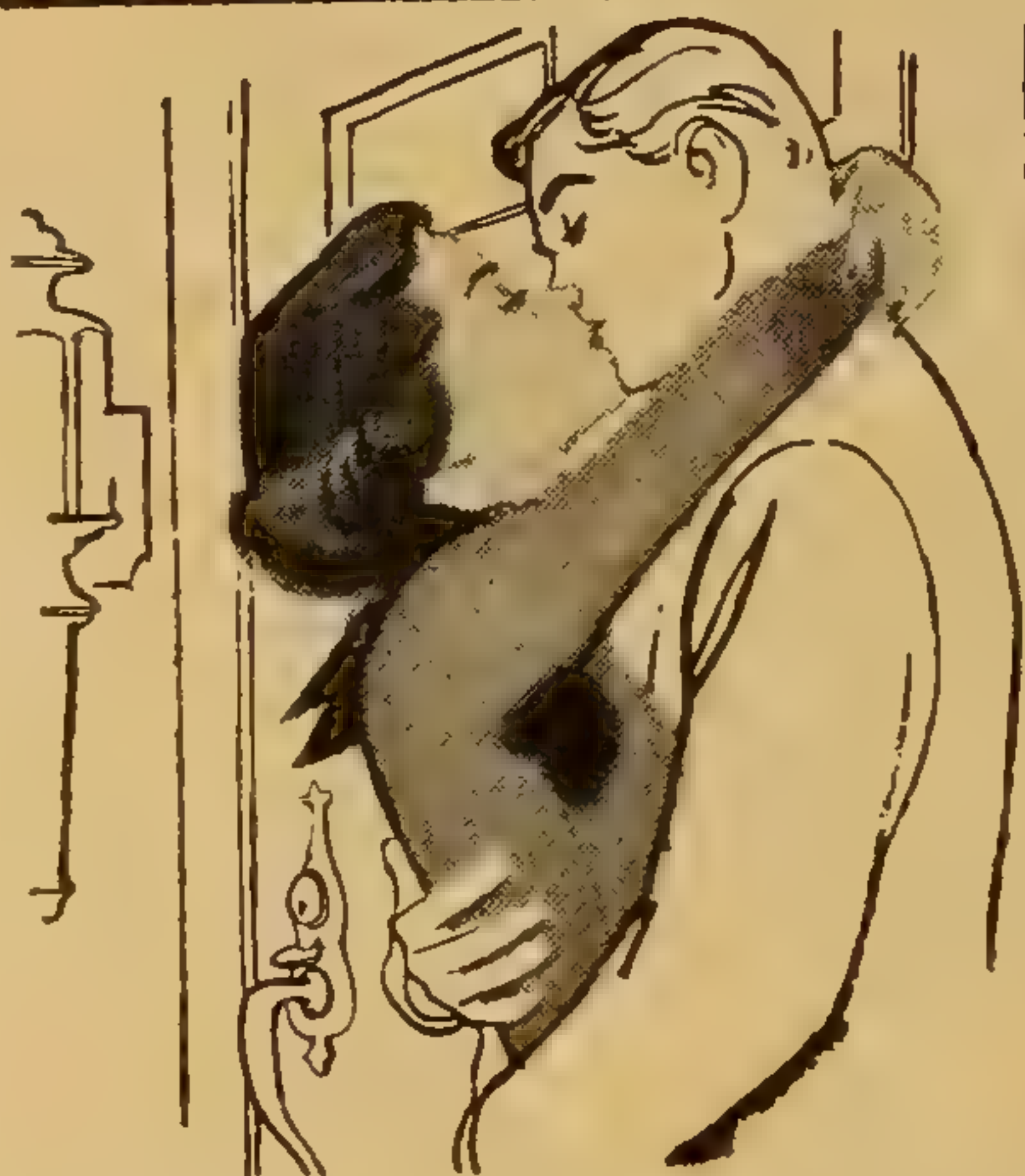
Look for new
Dec-La-Tay in
this gay little
package!

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?

A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex."



Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. The "emotional" kind. Doctors say it's the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



Q. How can you overcome this "emotional" perspiration?

A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this emotional perspiration without irritation. And now it's here... exclusive Perstop*. So effective, yet so gentle.



Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?

A. Because of Perstop*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed, ARRID CREAM Deodorant safely stops perspiration stains and odor without irritation to normal skin. Saves your pretty dresses from "Dress Rot."

Why be only Half Safe? use **Arrid** to be sure!

It's more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested! Used daily, new antiseptic ARRID with Perstop* actually stops underarm dress stains, stops "Dress Rot," stops perspiration odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.



43¢
plus tax.

•Carter Products Trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants

new movies

(Continued from page 10)

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

Deborah Kerr
Rossano Brazzi
Maurice Chevalier
Tom Helmore
Martin Stephens
married love—French style

■ Deborah Kerr is English, she's engaged, and she has a high moral code. Into London comes Rossano Brazzi and sweeps her off her feet. She wakes up in Paris, married, and Rossano's off to war (World War II). His uncle Maurice Chevalier is there to keep her company. Besides, Deborah gets to know Brazzi better. After the war she gets to know that he met a nurse in Indo-China and now the nurse is in Paris, in an apartment that is like a second home to him. Deborah loves him enough to get used to the idea (maybe) but now they have a little son who is very clever. He decides to keep Mama and Papa apart so they will feel sorry for him and will simply drown him in love.—CINEMASCOPE, MGM.

PORK CHOP HILL

Gregory Peck
Harry Guardino
Rip Torn
George Peppard
James Edwards
heroism in Korea

■ Everybody's talking about the war in Korea being over—except the soldiers who are still fighting it. A peace treaty is being haggled over at Panmunjom, but seventy miles away Lieutenant Gregory Peck is ordered to lead his troops up Pork Chop Hill, and to take it. This hill is of strategic value to the enemy. They've flooded it with men, and a Chinese Red pleads over a loudspeaker for Allied surrender. Peck's men are not eager to fight, considering it may be the last battle of the war. But up they go and it's brutal. Our side is greatly outnumbered. Accidentally, our searchlights open on the hill making Peck and his men easy targets. As his soldiers die, the Hill acquires great value to Peck; it is a symbol of the fight for freedom which is always a fight against terrible odds. The battle scenes are tense, dramatic, revealing the characters of the men in it.—UNITED ARTISTS.

THE WILD AND THE INNOCENT

Audie Murphy
Sandra Dee
Joanne Dru
Gilbert Roland
Jim Backus
a mountain boy grows up

■ Audie Murphy comes to town to sell beaver pelts with mountain girl Sandra Dee. The townsfolk point and giggle at them. Sheriff Gilbert Roland can always spot a pretty girl, and he becomes Sandra's protector. Roland owns a dance hall which employs shady ladies. Audie wouldn't know a shady lady so he urged Sandra to take a job at the dance hall. Once Audie wises up he races to save Sandra from a terrible fate.—CINEMASCOPE, U.I.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES NOW SHOWING:

THE MATING GAME (Warners): When the U.S. government discovers that Paul Douglas has never paid taxes, it sends Tony Randall out to discover why. It seems that Douglas doesn't believe in using money for trade—he barter. When Debbie Reynolds spies Tony, she decides to hook him for herself. Debbie gets her man and the U.S. government ends up owing Douglas fourteen million dollars.

RIO BRAVO (Warners): John Wayne is sheriff of a town of gangsters. A murder is committed by one of the gangsters. Wayne imprisons the killer and employs alcoholic Dean Martin to help protect the town. Even Ricky Nelson joins Wayne's side.

JUNE BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday is in June, your birthstone is a pearl and your flower is a rose and here are some of the stars you share it with:

June 1—Joan Caulfield
Marilyn Monroe

June 3—Tony Curtis
Paulette Goddard
Carol Ohmart

June 4—John Barrymore, Jr.
Rosalind Russell

June 7—Dolores Gray
Dean Martin
Carlos Thompson

June 8—James Darren
Dana Wynter

June 9—Mona Freeman

June 11—Richard Todd

June 12—Vic Damone

June 14—Gene Barry
Dorothy McGuire

June 17—Ralph Bellamy

June 18—Maggie McNamara

June 19—Pier Angeli
Marissa Pavan

June 20—Errol Flynn
Audie Murphy
Rosanna Podesta

June 21—Judy Holliday
Jane Russell

June 22—Gower Champion

June 25—Charlotte Greenwood

June 26—Eleanor Parker

June 30—Susan Hayward



Charles Coburn
June 19



Louis Jourdan
June 19



Robert Cummings
June 9



William Lundigan
June 12

New medicated acne stick nips pimples in the "bud"



Acts fast to stop pimples from
"blooming" and spreading...conceals and
helps heal pimples in all stages

Never again need you watch helplessly while a small blemish grows into a big, ugly pimple. For now there's a new kind of medication that acts *fast* to heal and dry blemishes in their *bud* stage—or *any* stage. It's Sentor—the new, skin-toned acne stick that soothes and helps *heal* as it conceals.

Today's most effective treatment for pimples. From the very first time you dab it on, Sentor does *more* to help heal pimples than any other product you could buy before. For only Sentor contains

this new combination of four ingredients that skin specialists prescribe for their patients. Sentor Stick works so well—so *fast*—pimples just seem to melt away.

Easy, convenient to use. Just a quick dab with Sentor Stick is all you need—nothing to get under your nails. No tell-tale medicinal odor.

Ask your own doctor. He knows this new *greaseless* formula is so effective and so *safe*. Try Sentor Medicated Acne Stick—you'll be so glad you did.

HOW SENTOR ACTS FOUR WAYS TO HELP HEAL PIMPLES... TO PREVENT BLOOMING, SPREADING...EVEN SCARRING

1. Melts blemishes away—penetrates to dissolve "sick" pimple tissue.
2. Dries up pustules—absorbs the oil that pimples thrive on.
3. Helps prevent scarring—helps heal tissue a *safe new way*—before

- permanent scarring or pitting begins.
4. Combats re-infection—combats the bacteria that make pimples grow and spread.

SKIN-TONED—CONCEALS WHILE
IT HELPS HEAL!



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\$1.50
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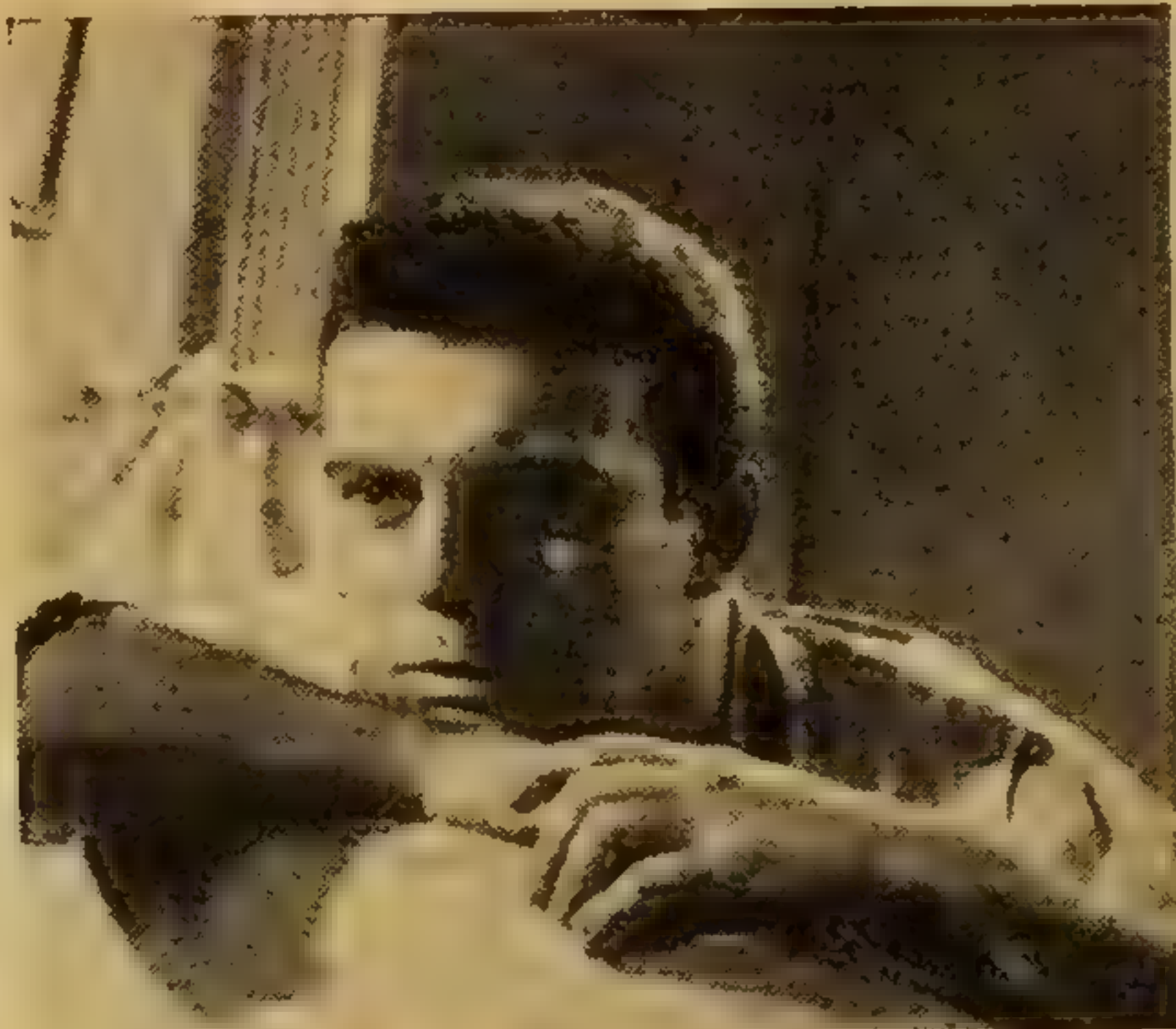
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surround yourself with
the very air of Paris.

OBEY THAT

IMPULSE



EVER feel like doing something on the spur of the moment?—like following a hunch? . . . acting on intuition? . . . obeying an impulse? Of course you have! But is it a good idea?

We checked with some of your favorite stars on impulses they did—or didn't—obey. Here's what they say about it!

TONY FRANCIOSA—"I obeyed an impulse that I'd advise any eighteen-year-old fellow to obey, too if he's in the fix I was in. Living in a tough neighborhood that was going further downhill every day, running around with a crowd that carried beer can openers as weapons instead of utensils! If a guy's parents can't get out of such an environment it's something he should do for himself.

"Luckily, I had a *Streetcar Named Desire* to hop on, for I wanted to become a professional dancer and there was no chance for it in East Harlem. So one day I packed my cardboard suitcase and simply left. It was an impulse—with a lot of wisdom behind it."

KIM NOVAK—"One summer in Chicago I worked in a dentist's office as his assistant. I wore something like a nurse's uniform that we got fresh from the laundry each day. But one day the delivery man left the wrong uniform—a couple of sizes too small. I knew I looked—well, shall we say conspicuous in it? I wore it anyway, pretty much on impulse.

"Sure enough, that was the afternoon the dentist's wife had an impulse to drop in at his office! She glared at me



Evening in Paris

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2.25 value

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in my skimpy uniform, and even harder at him. When we closed at 6:00, he apologized and said he wouldn't need me any more.

"At first I regretted obeying my impulse, but the next day I got a modeling job which was my start toward Hollywood.

"So who can blame me for following my impulses quite freely?"

TONY CURTIS—"When I got out of the Navy in 1945, I used my GI educational benefits to attend the Dramatic Workshop in New York City. After a year of studying, a group of us thought we were ready and we pooled \$400 to rent an old theater in Newark, New Jersey, so we could put on our own production of *Dear Ruth*.

"We went broke, but in the process the Cherry Lane Players noticed my work and signed me for the title role in *Golden Boy*.

"So you see I'm glad I obeyed that impulse to put my last fifty bucks into the Empire Players that brought 'culture' to Newark—and a movie chance to me!"

ELVIS PRESLEY—"Man, I'm glad I've resisted a certain impulse every time it showed up! I mean the impulse to propose! Believe me, I've had that impulse—not just once or twice but at least a hundred times, from Memphis to Mobile, from Hollywood to Bremerhaven!"

JOAN COLLINS—"I married on an impulse when I was nineteen—and soon wished I had listened to my mind instead of my heart. It took me three years to undo that mistake, via the divorce courts.

"I've obeyed many an impulse since then, but a quick marriage is one impulse I'll resist from here on in. The next time it has to be for keeps!—and that means thinking hard, not merely breathing hard!"

MAMIE VAN DOREN—"There's an old

saying about a burned child being very careful about the fire. I don't agree with it at all, when it comes to falling in love.

"My marriage to Ray Anthony was an impulsive one. It didn't work out, but that won't stop me from falling in love again."

PAT BOONE—"Right after we got married, Shirley and I obeyed an impulse that we've never regretted. We moved away from our folks—far away. It wasn't that we didn't love them. Not that at all. But we knew there would be problems to face—lots of them—and we wanted to solve them on our own."

TOMMY SANDS—"I'm glad my mother obeyed an impulse! It was right after I finished doing *The Singing Idol* on television, and everybody said it was wonderful.

"When the celebration died down, I phoned my mother in New York to see how she liked the show. At first she said it was fine, but then she hesitated.

"Tommy," she continued, 'maybe you won't like this, but I'm going to say it anyway. You weren't *yourself* on the air tonight. You were trying to be Elvis Presley—and you won't really get anywhere just imitating someone else.'

"I think she spotted something that I hadn't noticed. Anyway, I took her advice, and neither of us is sorry she gave it."

JANE POWELL—"I'll never forget the moment Pat proposed. We were both divorced, and I was afraid to take another chance on heartbreak or happiness, so I had postponed my answer for months.

"But this particular night he had worked late and he reached my house about 11:00. I went out in the kitchen to fix him a hamburger. Pat followed me there and put his arms around me very seriously. He

said he'd ask me to marry him just once more—and this was it.

"That's when I stopped listening to the voice of caution and obeyed the wonderful impulse to say yes."

CLARK GABLE—"When the Jewell Players Stock Company of Kansas City ran practically out of funds in Butte, Montana, we split up what was left of the 'treasury' among us. That gave each player enough for coach fare back to Kansas City, where the company intended to reorganize.

"Instead, though, I headed west to Oregon where I got a good paying job and saved enough for a try at Hollywood.

"Why did I pick Oregon? That's the way the freight train was headed!"

CLIFF ROBERTSON—"When I was seventeen, I cured an impulse of mine—the hard way. I was on my way to a job in summer stock at Dallas, Texas, when the bus I was on stopped for repairs in Roswell, New Mexico, and I found there was a gambling game going on at the crummy restaurant I drifted into for lunch. I sat in, on a feeling I'd have some luck. I had it—all bad, and I blew the \$23 I needed for eating money and a room.

"The next ten days were a lifetime. Getting through them on stale hamburgers I was able to mooch, and sleeping in a parked car the owner let me call home sure cured me of following any more impulses just because I happen to feel lucky!"

END

Kim will appear in *The Middle of the Night* for Columbia. Tony is in *The Naked Maja* for United Artists and will appear in *Career* for Paramount. You can see Joan in *Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys* for 20th-Fox. Mamie will soon appear in *The Big Operation* for MGM, *Guns, Girls and Gangsters* for United Artists, and Warners' *Born Reckless*. Clark is in *Paramount's But Not for Me*. Cliff is in *Gidget* for Columbia.



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GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

A new love for Kim

A surprise for Liz

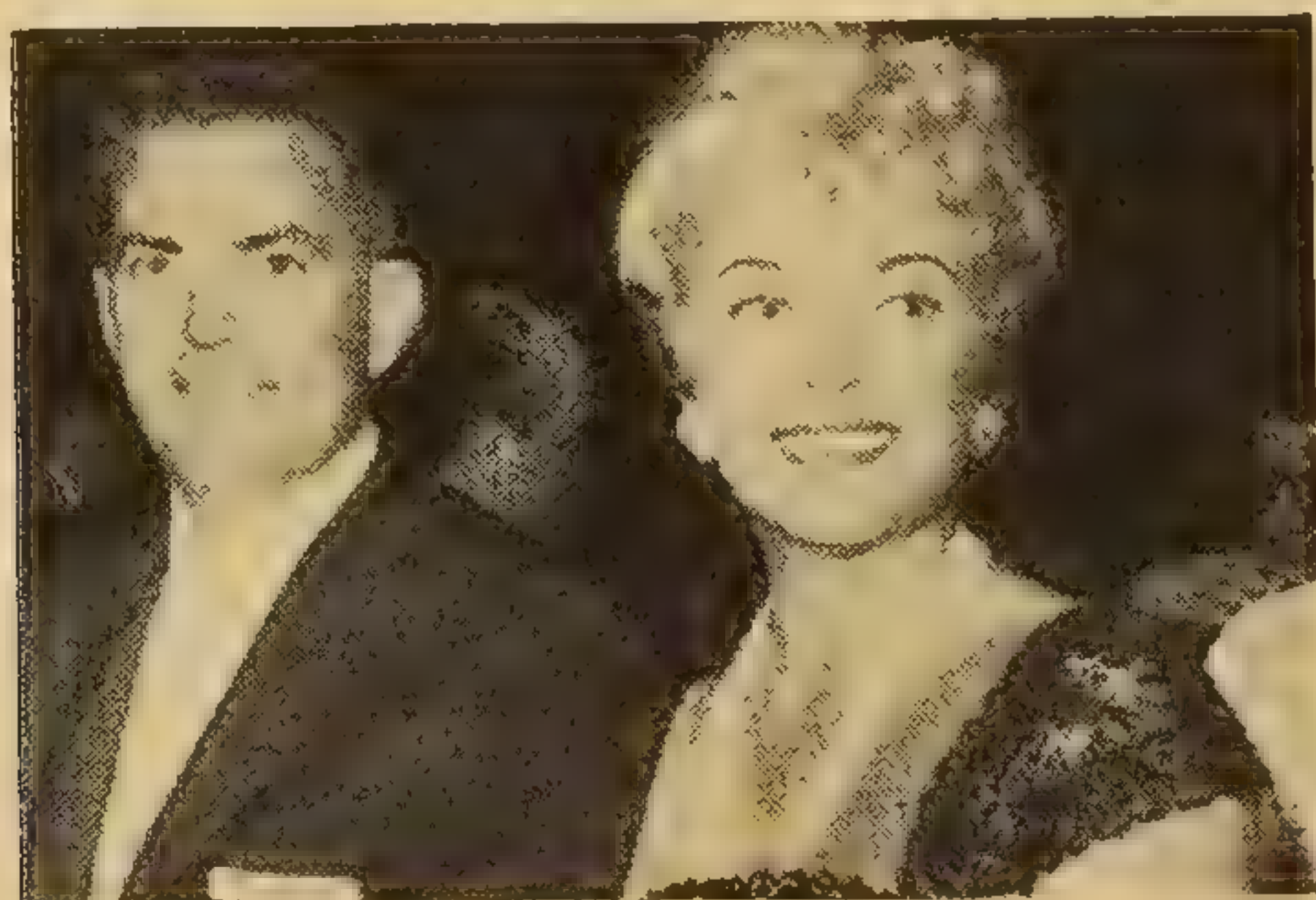
A fancy costume ball

*Kim Novak and director
Richard Quine may marry
sometime late this summer.*



LOUELLA PARSONS

I've never seen Liz so touched as she was by the surprise birthday party Eddie Fisher gave for her.



Lana Turner and businessman Fred May (left) looked really happy . . . and Lana admits that she likes him.



Among the happily marrieds at Liz' party were Jack and Mary Benny (above) . . . as well as lovely Shirley MacLaine and Steve Parker (right), Ronald Reagan and Nancy Davis (lower right), and George Burns and Gracie Allen (below).



Surprise party for Liz

"The house is dark, no one is home," **Elizabeth Taylor** said to **Eddie Fisher** as they drove up in front of the home of her agent Kurt Frings the night of her twenty-seventh birthday.

They had been headed for the beach where Liz thought she and Eddie were going to have a quiet dinner alone.

"Oh, someone must be here. Maybe in the back," Eddie insisted, helping Liz alight.

The door swung open—bright lights blazed up—"Happy Birthday" caroled the one hundred guests whom Eddie had invited and sworn to secrecy for his big surprise for Elizabeth.

Several days before, Eddie had called and cautioned me to be at the Frings' house early 18 and not to have my car visible within blocks

of the place "because I really want her to be surprised."

And take it from me, she was! I've never seen her so obviously touched by a sentimental gesture.

There was a misty look in Elizabeth's eyes as she said to everyone, "This is the first—and the best—surprise party I've ever had."

Before I tell you who was there, I know you want to know about Eddie's gift: It was a gold purse with twenty-seven diamonds (one for each year) spelling out *Liz* on it. Also, Eddie had personally designed the rose-topped (Liz's favorite flower) birthday cake.

The list of guests sounds like a movie star's convention. Among the first I saw were **Natalie Wood** and **Bob Wagner**, holding hands and looking happy as usual (but not as happy as Natalie would look a few days later when her long drawn out contract battle

with Warner Brothers was finally settled).

The ever charmin' **Cary Grant** was stag as was director **Otto Preminger**. But the 'happily marrieds' were all over the place including **Mary** and **Jack Benny**, **Gracie Allen** and **George Burns**, **Janet Leigh** and **Tony Curtis**, the **Ronald Reagans**, **Shirley MacLaine** and **Steve Parker**.

Talk about happy—Tony Curtis was still in a daze over being nominated for an Oscar in *The Defiant Ones*. Janet told me, "I was afraid he wouldn't survive the shock!"

Rock Hudson and **Debbie (Mrs. Ty) Power** weren't far apart for the entire evening but still insisting they are just good friends. Rock had been chosen by Debbie to be godfather to the Power baby.

Obviously in a romantic mood were **Lana Turner** and Los Angeles businessman **Fred May** whom Lana admits, "I like very much.



Deborah breaks her silence

At long last **Deborah Kerr** broke her rigid silence about her tangled marriage situation with Tony Bartley and future marriage plans with Peter Viertel when she wrote me from Klosters, Switzerland:

"I want you to know that I will not disregard the California divorce laws which demand a year before remarriage and I have no intention of remarrying before the required period is up.

"I would be extremely grateful if you would clear this up because it has led to a great deal of confusion in an already confused situation."

This is the first time Deborah has discussed

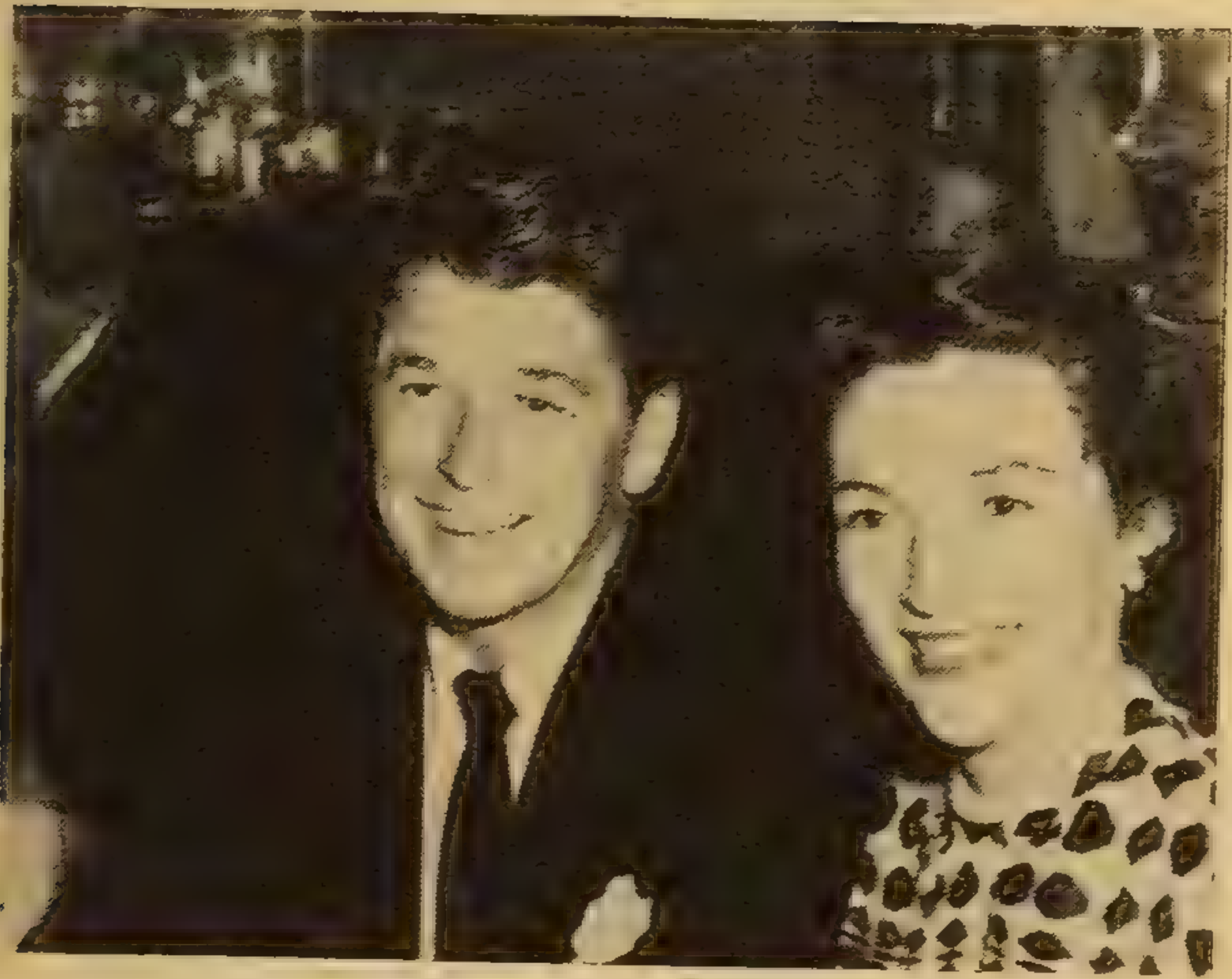
her unhappy situation since Tony named writer Viertel in a suit charging him with 'enticing the affections' of his wife.

Deborah's letter went on: "I go to Australia in September with **Bob Mitchum** and Fred Zinnemann to do *The Sundowners* and I'm looking forward to the project.

"Meanwhile, each week end I visit London to see the girls who are in great form despite a hideous English winter.

"I am very thrilled about my Oscar nomination for *Separate Tables* and also the Foreign Press Golden Globe award, particularly as so many people were against my accepting the drab role of the spinster in the picture.

"I shall be in Hollywood before taking off for Australia and I do so want to see you at that time. Meanwhile—my affection and love to you always—*Deborah.*"



But I hope everyone doesn't spoil it for us by rumoring marriage talk."

Among the top producers and directors wishing Liz happiness were David Selznick (**Jennifer Jones** was in Europe), Joe Pasternak, Benny Thau and Richard Brooks. Brooks directed Liz in *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* which won her an Oscar nomination and all evening long Liz kept telling him how grateful she was for his help.

And, for all those people who have been rumoring that Elizabeth and her parents are not on friendly terms, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Taylor were very much present and so were her brother and sister-in-law, the Howard Taylors. Her family had motored up, at Eddie's invitation, for the birthday party from La Jolla—and may I add, a good time was had by all, but most of all by Elizabeth.



Deborah Kerr wants to clear up an already confused situation.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



PARTY of the month

The Golden Nugget Ball in Palm Springs is always a big night of fun and fancy costumes. But the 1959 party was the topper. First, it's for a wonderful cause in the popular desert town (proceeds of the Jimmy McHugh Charities go to the Palm Springs Desert Hospital). Secondly, everybody gets all dressed up to let their hair down!

My bungalow-suite at the El Mirador Hotel is quite large, but before the party started I hosted a cocktail party for our Hollywood clan and every nook and cranny was filled with cowboys, sequined dance-hall girls, Floraduro girls, Sheriffs, country lasses in gingham (and diamonds), outlaws and about every known refugee from a Western.

There were Rosemarie and **Robert Stack** (she as a gorgeous dance hall girl); **Shirley Jones** and **Jack Cassidy**; 20th Century-Fox boss Buddy Adler and his wife, Anita, and the **Mervyn Le Roys** (both Anita and Kitty Le Roy wore gingham dresses with necklaces of golden nuggets—very effective); the Sonny Whitneys, William Perlbergs, and last but not far from least, that TV 'reel' Westerner, **Clint** ('Cheyenne') **Walker** and his pretty wife.

I had never met Clint before—but now I know why he is so popular with the fans. He's a charmer *plus*—as well as being a solid citizen. The Walkers were late arriving for cocktails and were very apologetic.

Clint said, "We were trying to get a baby sitter. You see, our little girl goes everywhere we go and we couldn't leave her until the woman arrived to take care of her."

Later, Clint told me he really felt like celebrating for the first time in months. After sitting out a long drawn out dispute with Warner Brothers, all the problems were solved, and he was once more back in the 'Cheyenne' tv series he's made so famous.

The Ball was underway when our party arrived at the El Mirador dining room, turned into a typical Western setting for the occasion.

Among the first merrymakers I saw were the entire Gabor family, **Zsa Zsa**, **Eva**, **Magda** and 'Mamma' **Jolie Gabor**. Eva whispered to me, "Mamma called and told us to be here for Jimmy's party—and here we are!"

Then came the highlight of the evening—the arrival of Governor Pat Brown of California with the band swinging into *California, Here I Come*, and everybody getting to their feet to hail the popular Pat. I had talked to the Governor earlier in the day and he had promised to put in a surprise appearance! He kept his word and what a reception!

Just as he had done at the Ball last year, Monty Montana again rode his trained horse into the ballroom and right up to Governor Brown's table. But there was no lassoing of the celebrities—for which many of the gals were grateful. Those ropes don't feel so good over bare arms.

Much money was raised beyond the price of the tickets for the dinner dance, Mervyn Le Roy paying \$750 for a John Morris painting which John had donated to the auction.

It was a big night for a big cause—and I can't remember having more fun.



Zsa Zsa Gabor and her escort Hal Hayes were at the Golden Nugget Ball, together with Eva, Magda, and 'Mamma' Jolie Gabor.



Clint Walker and his lovely wife (standing) stopped to pose for a picture with me, Jimmy McHugh, Shirley Jones and her partner in marriage as well as in song, Jack Cassidy.

Linda Christian and escort Floyd Simmons (right) looked very Spanish in their get-ups for the ball... While director Mervyn LeRoy, and Bob and Rosemary Stack (below) just went in Western style costumes.



I nominate for STARDOM

SUSAN KOHNER:



—The word is around that two of the new girls destined for big stardom are **Millie Perkins** and **Susan Kohner**. I've already nominated Millie in this department—and since then I've seen her debut picture, *The Diary of Anne Frank*. I can only repeat, Millie is sensational.

Another beauty coming up fast is Susan, a dark-haired, dark-eyed beauty who turns in a wonderful performance as the rebellious girl in *Imitation of Life*. If heredity has anything to do with it, Susan was born to be a star. She is the twenty-one-year-old daughter of my long-time friend, Hollywood agent Paul Kohner and former star of Mexican and Hollywood films, Lupita Tovar.

Susan once told me, "It never occurred to anyone that I would be anything but an actress." Despite this, she was brought up in Los Angeles with the strictness of most Latin mothers. Her education came first and it was not until she graduated from the exclusive Westlake School for Girls that she was permitted to accept professional engagements.

Of course, she went in for dramatics at Westlake and later at UCLA where she 'majored' in Theater Arts. Accompanied by her mother, she went to New York for her first break, the lead opposite Tyrone Power in *A Quiet Place* on the Broadway stage.

From there on, Susan followed the prescribed pattern, tv, summer stock and then back to Hollywood films opposite **Richard Widmark** in *The Last Wagon*, **Sal Mineo** in *Dino*—and the best break of all, the young Negress in **Lana Turner's** *Imitation of Life*.

Many people think she looks like a young **Ava Gardner**. But Susan is rapidly proving that her talent is distinctive and very much her own—and the girl is on her way to big things in Hollywood.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



PERSONAL OPINIONS

It's too bad that **Ingrid Bergman** made that statement, "Half the people I work with in Europe are Communists and no one thinks anything about it" (on Ed Murrow's tv show) just before she left for Hollywood to appear at the Academy Awards. Ingrid seems to have a gift for arousing antagonism just as she is about to inspire sympathy and admiration. . . .

Don't make any bets that **Frank Sinatra** will patch up his 'peeve' with his old pal **Sammy Davis, Jr.** Frank is hopping mad over an interview Sammy gave in Chicago accusing him of bad manners—among other specific things. Sammy's idol is Sinatra—and I don't think he realized how his words would sound. . . .

The smartest move Hal Wallis ever made was giving **Shirley MacLaine** a whopping bonus check thus ending Shirley's 'hurt feelings' that her contract-producer wasn't treating her right financially. A contented actress is much more valuable than a pouting star. . . .

It's no surprise that exotic **Linda Cristal's** marriage to Bob Champion, brother of Gower, broke up in less than a year. Three weeks after their marriage Bob's firm stationed him in Venezuela and Linda's remark at the time was a surprising, "We'll try to spend some time together if we can. . . ."

I feel sorry for **Sabina Bethman**, the little blonde actress imported from Germany to play opposite **Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier, Tony Curtis** and **Charles Laughton** in *Spartacus*. Before she appeared in a single foot of film, she was replaced by **Jean Simmons**. It's a real heartache for Sabina, a good actress and popular in her own country. Her explanation is that when director Tony Mann was replaced by Stanley Kubick, Kubick 'just didn't like me.'



Too bad such statements were ever made: Ingrid's (far left) about Communist co-workers and Sammy Davis, Jr.'s, (above) about Frankie's manners.



A change in directors on *Spartacus* brought Jean Simmons a leading role, here with Kirk Douglas (left) and Peter Ustinov.

Jack's spoiled evening

During my Palm Springs week end, I had a wonderful time with **Shirley Jones** and **Jack Cassidy**. They had just completed their triumphant nightclub engagement at the Cocoanut Grove (I saw it and believe me they are just great—what voices!—and charm) and they had sung number after number at the Golden Nugget Ball, bringing the house down.

That's why I am so sorry that a very silly woman nearly spoiled our evening the next night.

We had gone to the Racquet Club for an early dinner. Yet, during the short time we were there, a woman old enough to know better kept coming over to the table, kissing the unhappy and surprised Jack and trying to sit on his lap!

He was so polite trying to get her to go away—but back she would come. Finally, as soon as we possibly could, we left.

I mention this embarrassment because it is one reason that celebrities have good cause to 'dodge' the public. I know most fans are too well behaved to do this sort of thing—but when it does happen it's awful.

Shirley and Jack are sweet, kind and considerate people—and do not deserve any such treatment from a stranger.



"We'll try to spend some time together," Linda said when she was Bob Champion's bride, "if we can."

OPEN LETTER

to Bob Hope:

Bet you never knew you were so well loved, boy. Ever since the news broke about the serious blood clot in your left eye, messages have poured in to me and I know to you and Dolores, hoping and praying for your complete recovery.

You who have always taken everything with a laugh or a bon mot, who are not particularly sentimental about being home for holidays—you must be deeply touched at this out-pouring of affection from strangers.

That's because you don't know how much your superb humor and clowning has meant to the whole distressed world, Robin. Even presidents of the United States and heads of foreign governments, when things have been dark and times dangerous, have paused to chuckle over some nonsense of yours.

Mostly you have taken it all in stride without the adulation going to your head. Just as you have traveled all over the world to entertain our GIs and Navy boys without any thought of personal sacrifice.

It is typical that you insisted on going ahead with your recent Christmas tour of military bases even after you had to be hospitalized in Madrid with the first indication of the eye blood clot. And your wisecrack—"I felt dizzy, but I've been dizzy for years"—is just like you.

I know it will be hard for you to follow the specialist's advice and rest and take it easy for maybe a year. Taking things easy isn't your specialty.

But please do take care of yourself. You are very important to a tired old world.



Messages have poured in to Dolores and Bob Hope, praying for Bob's recovery.



What a row over one dress Lana (left) objected to wearing in Anatomy of a Murder. Director Preminger insisted she wanted to look glamorous in a part that wasn't, and replaced her with young Lee Remick (right).



The Lana-Otto row

Wow! What a row between **Lana Turner** and Otto Preminger for whom she was supposed to star in *Anatomy of a Murder*!

Before Lana ever set foot in front of a camera she bowed out of the film based on the bestseller because, "Thank Heavens I'm not so hungry I have to listen to his screaming! Mr. Preminger carried on like a madman because I voiced an objection to one dress he had selected for me to wear.

"He said, 'You're not dealing with MGM or Universal-International in my picture. You'll wear the clothes I select—or you won't be in the picture.' Of course, I couldn't take that from anyone!"

Preminger's side is that Lana wanted to appear like a glamor girl in a part that calls for anything but. And he adds she made a point of being late to conferences "giving us the movie star treatment which went out of style with silent pictures."

Whoever is right or wrong, the battle was a billy.

The girl who replaces Lana is **Lee Remick**. Remember I nominated her for stardom

in this department several months ago? She's an excellent young actress and really going places, I believe.

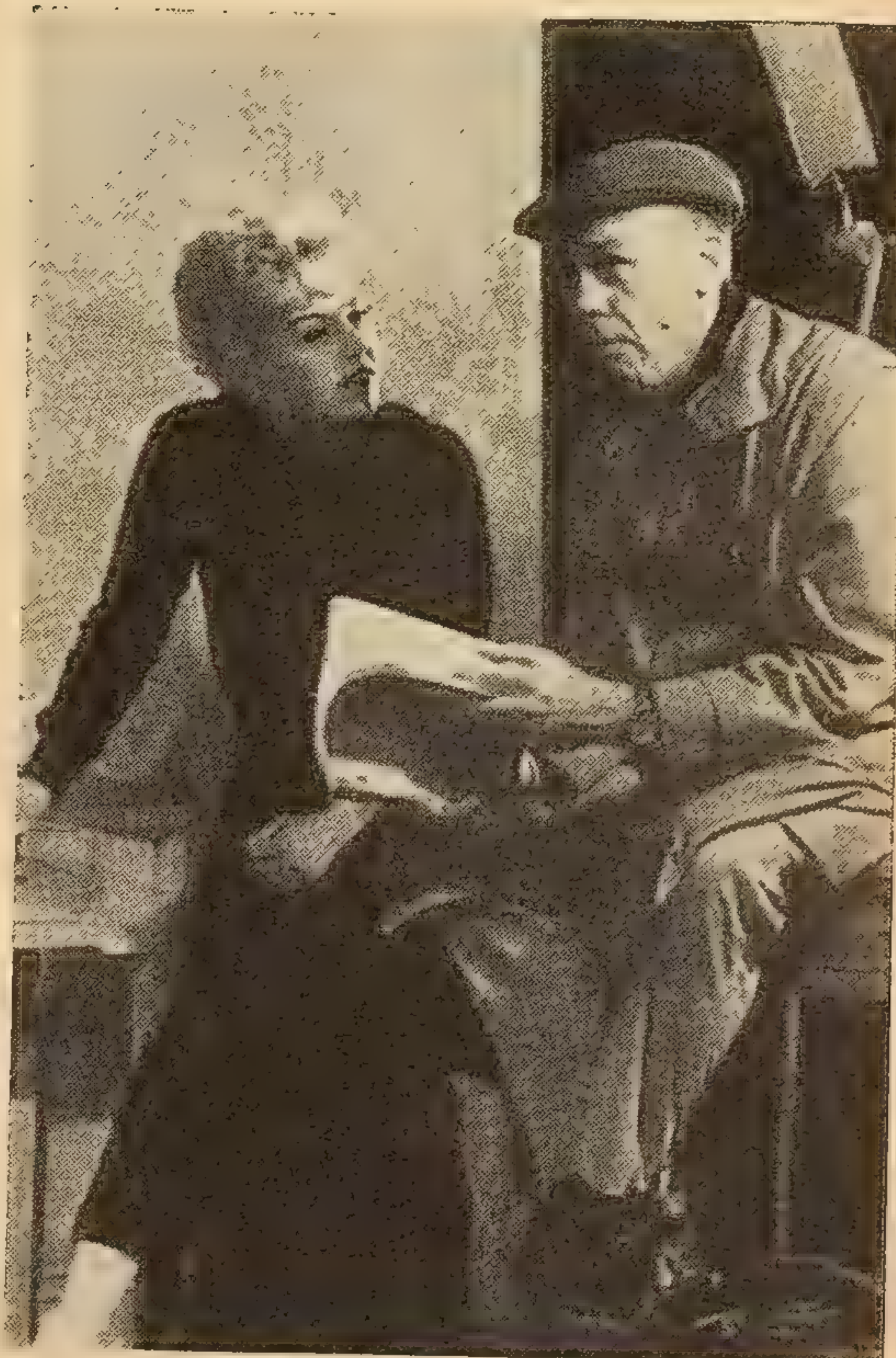
As for Lana, she won't be out of an important picture for long—not after the fans see her in *Imitation of Life*, one of the crying best movies of this or any other year. The gals will love it.

Tell you a little secret:

If **Kim Novak** and director **Richard Quine** feel the way they do now—when he returns from making *The Image Makers* in France, they'll be married late this summer when his divorce is final!

All those battles Dick and Kim were having over her dating other men while she was in New York making *Middle of the Night* were patched up before he took off for Europe. This romance is really serious.

Dick is handsome, young and very talented. He'll go far in his career—and he takes no nonsense from Miss Kim. She likes that!



Director Dick Quine (right) takes no nonsense from Kim Novak — and she likes that!

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

Out of the mouths of babes

Patti (**Mrs. Jerry**) **Lewis**, who is expecting, thought the time had come to tell her oldest son Gary, age thirteen, about the new arrival in the family.

Calling the boy into her room one day, she said, "Honey, I'm going to have another baby—and I wanted you to know."

Gary puzzled this over for a minute. "Mother, there's something I want you to know. Dad is in Chicago—so how can you be going to have a baby?"

Despite this young skeptic in the family, Jerry was a happy boy when he long distanced me from Chicago where he was playing a nightclub date to tell me about the approaching big event.

"This time I'm not even hinting it'll be a girl," he laughed. "But if it is, we won't have to buy any new nursery fixin's because I stocked up on everything pink when the last boy was born."

Jerry thinks if everyone just sort of forgets about the new arrival and doesn't talk too much about it, a girl might sneak in! Need I add the Lewises have four sons?



LETTER BOX

More yips and yowls in the mail this month than usual—and I don't mean **Liz-Eddie-Debbie** pros and cons, although there is still plenty of that.

Tuesday Weld has stirred up a storm of protests from parents and fellow teenagers by admitting that at fifteen, she smokes! **DIANE WILLIAMS**, HAMPTON, VIRGINIA, speaks for many in writing: *This silly young lady should take a lesson from well-behaved Sandra Dee and Carol Lynley. Does she know how asinine she looks with the cigarette in her hand????*

Who does **Ricky Nelson** think he is, skipping his college education because he's so rich from records, movies and tv? snaps **DON BARRINGER**, ATLANTA. Doesn't this ill-advised young man know that the soul-satisfying benefits of being an educated man can't be bought with all his money?

And a quite cynical young lady from DENTON, TEXAS, who signs herself merely **SIMONE**, asks: *I'm disappointed that Rock Hudson, friend of Tyrone Power, is dating the widow Power. The newest thing in Hollywood seems for the deceased's best friend to start consoling the Widder—as witness Eddie Fisher's solicitude for grief-stricken (Ha!) Elizabeth Taylor!*

Susan Kohner has caught on big with the fans in NEW YORK CITY, the first to see *Imitation of Life*: *What a fine young artist—the best of the new young actresses, postcards CAROLYN TOTTER and her sister, VIRGIE. . . .*



A reader is "never disappointed" when she sees Paul Newman and wife Joanne Woodward isn't either!



Teenagers protest that Tuesday looks asinine with the cigarette in her hand.



Is Ricky Nelson skipping his education?

I'll never understand why adorable Leslie Caron in GIGI didn't win an Oscar nomination and then win the Oscar, opines disappointed DIDI BARR, DALLAS. Many people were surprised that Leslie and also Maurice Chevalier weren't nominated, Didi. . . .

PENNY PARKER, ST. LOUIS, makes it short and pertinent: *Do you dare deny that Dinah Shore is the Queen of tv? I have no intention of denying it, Penny, so set your mind at ease. . . .*

MRS. ROBERT RICHARDSON, HONEOYE FALLS, NEW YORK, is an out-and-out Paul Newman fan: *Since my marriage and the arrival of two babies, I can't see all the movies that come to town as I used to do. But I am never disappointed when I spend my money to see a film starring Paul. Paul continues to rate much praise in the mail. . . .*

When I sent **William Wellman, Jr.**, twenty-five cents for his photo and praised his work in **DARBY'S RANGERS** and **LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE** he returned my money with his photo saying 'I cannot accept your money but I am delighted to accept your fine encouragement,' says **JANIE RAND** of JAMAICA, N. Y. I've known your favorite since he was a little fellow tagging after his director father, Bill, Sr., and he deserves your praise. . . .

ESTHER BONAPARTE (is that your real name, girl?) who hails from DULUTH, sets up three cheers for the advent of comedy: *And those very nice and talented comedians, Tony Randall and Gig Young and Jack Lemmon. . . .*

A comparison between **Ricky Nelson** and **Elvis Presley** is an insult to Elvis who is away in the service of his country, howls **JAYNE CLARKE**, MONTVALE, NEW JERSEY. Who compared 'em, Jayne? . . .

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella Parsons



No denying, Dinah's queen of TV.

believe it or not

**"My
wife
and
I
get
along
fine"**



Now that Andy Griffith and Barbara have adopted a baby boy, Samuel Andrew, they feel it is time to correct those stories about their marriage being in trouble.

Like that item which said Barbara and he were going to reconcile for the sake of the *children*.

Andy's reply to this was: "Barbara and I have been married nine years, and we don't have any children. We've never been separated—so how could we be reconciling?"

One interviewer asked how he got started in show business.

Andy explained how he'd been a high school music teacher and Barbara was a church music teacher . . . and how she had suggested that they quit teaching to become professional entertainers.

The interviewer asked, "How do you feel about a *pushy* wife?"

Once Barbara was visiting their home in Manteo, N. C., and Andy was alone in their New York apartment finishing *A Face in the Crowd*, when a reporter did a feature story.

The story that came out told how Andy's finger was absentmindedly tracing "an aimless pattern through dust on the table."

Andy was grateful for the fine, perceptive, sympathetic story. But when Barbara saw the story, she accused Andy of neglecting the apartment and letting dust pile up.

Andy sighed: "The story made Barbara look like a poor housewife who had abandoned her husband."

Andy admits, "I admire purty gals, and I admire them loudly, with exclamation points, and Barbara knows this. She laughs and says I can look but not touch. I won't run around and risk my marriage.

"I've got Barbara, and I ain't letting go." Barbara agrees!

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a letter to ELVIS from:

RAFAEL CAMPOS
YVETTE MIMIEUX

KEN MILLER



DOROTHY JOHNSON

STEVE ROWLAND

DON SUTTON

MARIANNE GABA
CARMEN PHILLIPS

Dear Elvis,
First—we miss you. Second—Happy Anniversary!

It's a little over a year now since you've been in the Army. In a little less time than that you'll be back home.

We wanted to send you something to celebrate the mid-term. But we couldn't figure what you might need. Besides, the shops around here don't exactly specialize in khaki.

So we thought we'd just sit down and write you a letter—all of us.

Before we forget, two of the old gang—Yvonne Lime and Ricky Nelson—are not here today. Both are working, but both send their best and a message.

Yvonne's is:

"Tell Elvis I'm writing a script for his first movie when he comes back. It's going to be very unusual, since only the two of us will be in it. The plot is simple. I'm a salesgirl in a music store. I sell guitars. One day this dreamboat of an ex-GI—guess who—walks in. He wants to buy a new guitar. I sell him one. Meanwhile, of course, we've fallen madly in love.

Ricky's message is in two parts.

One is that he's mighty happy about something he heard happened in London. It seems, El, that the president of Ricky's fan club there got in touch with you and asked you if you'd like to join. You wrote back to her that not only would you like to, but that you'd appreciate it if they made you "Number One

Member" of the club. Well, you can imagine how much this means to Ricky. You are, after all, a great idol of his. And Ricky wants you to know that he wrote to your English fan club yesterday and asked if he could be listed as "Number One Member" of that club.

Also, Ricky wants you to know he may pop by your camp and see you one day soon. Ricky made a picture called *Rio Bravo* recently. Lots of it was shot in Mexico. Rick got a bug on bullfighting. Since it so happens that the best bullfighting school in the world is located just outside Seville, Spain; Ricky may just head thataway soon.

What else is new?

Well, thank God, we're all healthy and well, as we know you are.

We did gasp when we heard that radio report about a month ago that you'd been killed driving your snazzy new Borgward. The news got around faster than a hound dog. But we all settled back when we learned, after much phone-calling, that the report was false. We laughed, too, when we learned how you yourself reacted to the report, opening a can of beer and saying, "This tastes pretty good when you've been dead for a while."

There's a new gal in town, El, who you've gotta meet when you come home. Her name is Tuesday—that's right, Tuesday—Weld. In years, she's a child—fifteen. But age is strictly relative with her, brother. She's no child.

Practically single-handed, and in less than a year, Tuesday has set our little town hopping. She's outspoken. And she's got every worrywart around wondering what she'll do next.

Also, she's a beatnik.

And if—when you come home—you notice that practically every girl in town is wearing long black stockings and very soulful expressions, blame Tuesday.

Tommy Sands was in New York. He enrolled in one of those Brando-type acting schools there. He's also concentrating on folk songs, which he hopes to record in the near future. Also he's been concentrating on some pretty Eastern girls.

And, speaking of pretty girls and the East, Dolores Hart—who got to kiss you in her very first movie—has kissed Hollywood good-bye for a while and is now appearing on Broadway, in a play called *The Pleasure of His Company*.

Carolyn Jones is building a big new house in the Valley and says she isn't going to have a housewarming until you're back and can attend.

"Elvis made me have a lot of fun while we were making *King Creole*," she says, "so I'd like to surprise him with some fun when he comes home."

We miss you, El.

We don't want to get mushy about it.

But you might like to know that around the studios where you worked, the so-called little people—the electricians, grips, make-up people, waitresses in the commissaries, messenger boys and gals—all still talk about what a swell, natural, friendly guy you were, the best they've ever known.

Also, everybody's so proud of you.

The other day, for instance, we read that a general in Germany went out of his way to say that you are a credit to our Army—a guy who minds his own business, does every job assigned him well and without griping, and is the most popular boy in his outfit.

"He never asks for favors," the general said. "He is a good soldier."

Also we think it's great how the RCA Victor people have handled your latest album. No title. Not even your name. Just your picture. Is this an honor . . . ? By the way we've all bought the album and our personal favorite is *Poor Boy*. And we're still flipping over *One Night With You*, too. It's a gas!

That's all for now, El. Hurry back.

Affectionately,

The Gang

Ricky can be seen in *RIO BRAVO* for Warners. You can see Tuesday in *THE FIVE PENNIES* for Paramount. Tommy has appeared in *MARDI GRAS* for 20th-Fox. Carmen Phillips is in *ASK ANY GIRL* for MGM. Rafael Campos can be seen in *TONKA* for Buena Vista. Carolyn is in Paramount's *THE LAST TRAIN FROM GUN HILL*.

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IS IT TRUE...BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN?



Oh to be a blonde
now that
spring is here!

To see how much fun life can really be . . . be a blonde, a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the soft touch and tone of it . . . the sheer bloneness of it . . . the exciting way it lights up your looks! And it's so easy! Hair responds to Lady Clairol like a man responds to blondes!

New Instant Whip Lady Clairol is the amazingly gentle creme hair lightener that feels deliciously cool going on . . . works its magic in minutes, leaves your hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever! So if your hair is dull, darkened blonde, or mousey brown, don't just sit and dream. Toss your hat in the ring. Be a beautiful blonde, it's spring!



Your hairdresser will tell you
a blonde's best friend is

NEW INSTANT WHIP* **Lady Clairol®** Creme Hair Lightener

*T.M. ©1959 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Available also in Canada

No one in Hollywood
understood **MILLIE PERKINS...**

She never went to a party.
She was never seen on a date with a boy.

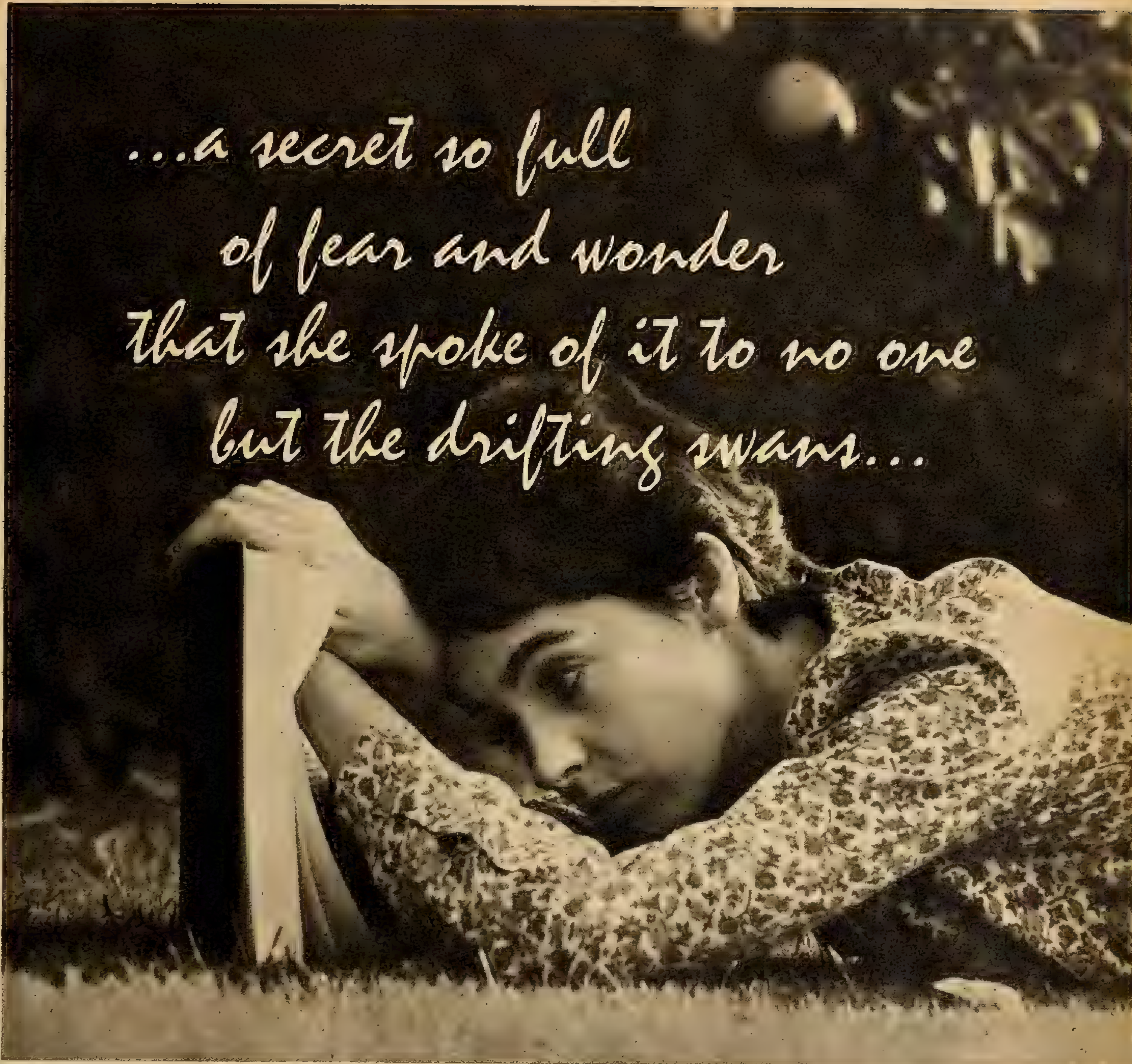
They felt sorry for her. She was the
loneliest, strangest little girl they'd ever seen.

How could they know she
was treasuring a delicious secret...




For months
she carried
the secret
deep in her heart...



A black and white photograph of a woman lying on her stomach in a field of tall grass. She is propped up on her elbows, holding a book open in front of her. She is wearing a patterned, long-sleeved top. The background is dark and out of focus.

*...a secret so full
of fear and wonder
that she spoke of it to no one
but the drifting swans...*

A black and white photograph of a woman walking in a field. She is wearing a dark, long-sleeved dress and is smiling. She is walking towards the right side of the frame.

*...but her heart
was bursting, bursting
to tell the world...*

photographed exclusively by LAWRENCE SCHILLER

continued



...Millie's secret!

Millie's secret is love, and the boy she loves is Dean Stockwell.

Millie and Dean have been inseparable since they met, many months ago. At that time, Millie was in the middle of making *Anne Frank*, and had not been seeing anyone at all, but leading the quietest of lives. Frightened by the responsibility of handling a star role without acting experience, she kept to herself.

Before Dean came into her life, she received many invitations from young fellows in Hollywood. As the "new girl" in Hollywood, she could

have been rushed off her feet. Every young guy in Hollywood wanted to take her out. She said no very wistfully to them all and retreated to her little apartment, eating frozen food dinners every night when she could have been dining in the nicest restaurants in town opposite a young man who could tell her how lovely she was. Dick Sargent asked to take her out—he's a nice guy, but she said no. He promised it would be only for dinner and he'd get her home early; still she said no. Barry Coe, Dwayne Hickman, loads of guys tried to date her; to all of them, her demure no.

The only person who meant anything to her was George Stevens, her director. He was like a father to her—maybe the only man she felt she could lean on because she scarcely knew her own father, who was away from home all the time. She respected Stevens, listened to him and knew he understood her. She had Christmas dinner at his home—wore her one and only dress-up dress, a black velvet sheath. Let his son, George Stevens, Jr., pick her up and take her home, but there were no sparks between her and Stevens, Jr. Hollywood, anxious to tie Millie up with a young man, puzzled by her nun-like life, tried to tie her up with Stevens, Jr. There was nothing to it. George, Jr., was working for his father on the picture, had lunch with Millie in the commissary, but as she said, "We didn't (*Continued on page 85*)



EXCLUSIVE!

debbie tells all in this FIRST PRIVATE INTERVIEW since the divorce

by Bob Thomas

I talked with Debbie on the day after her divorce, and I drew some insight on what her new life is going to be like. It was on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot where she was making *Say One for Me*. She seemed eager to talk. I have never known Debbie to be at a loss for words, but now she seemed readier than ever to make her feelings clear.

"The divorce was the most difficult thing I have ever faced," she confessed. "I worried terribly about it. Thank heavens it was fast. It was all over before I knew it. . . ."

Her case—*Fisher vs. Fisher*—had been assigned for 8:45 a.m., before many of the reporters and gawkers had arrived.

Debbie recalled the exchange she had with her lawyer:

Q. *You have alleged in your complaint that your husband treated you in a cruel*

and inhuman manner. Will you tell the court briefly, please, of what that treatment consisted?

A. Well, my husband became interested in another woman. . . .

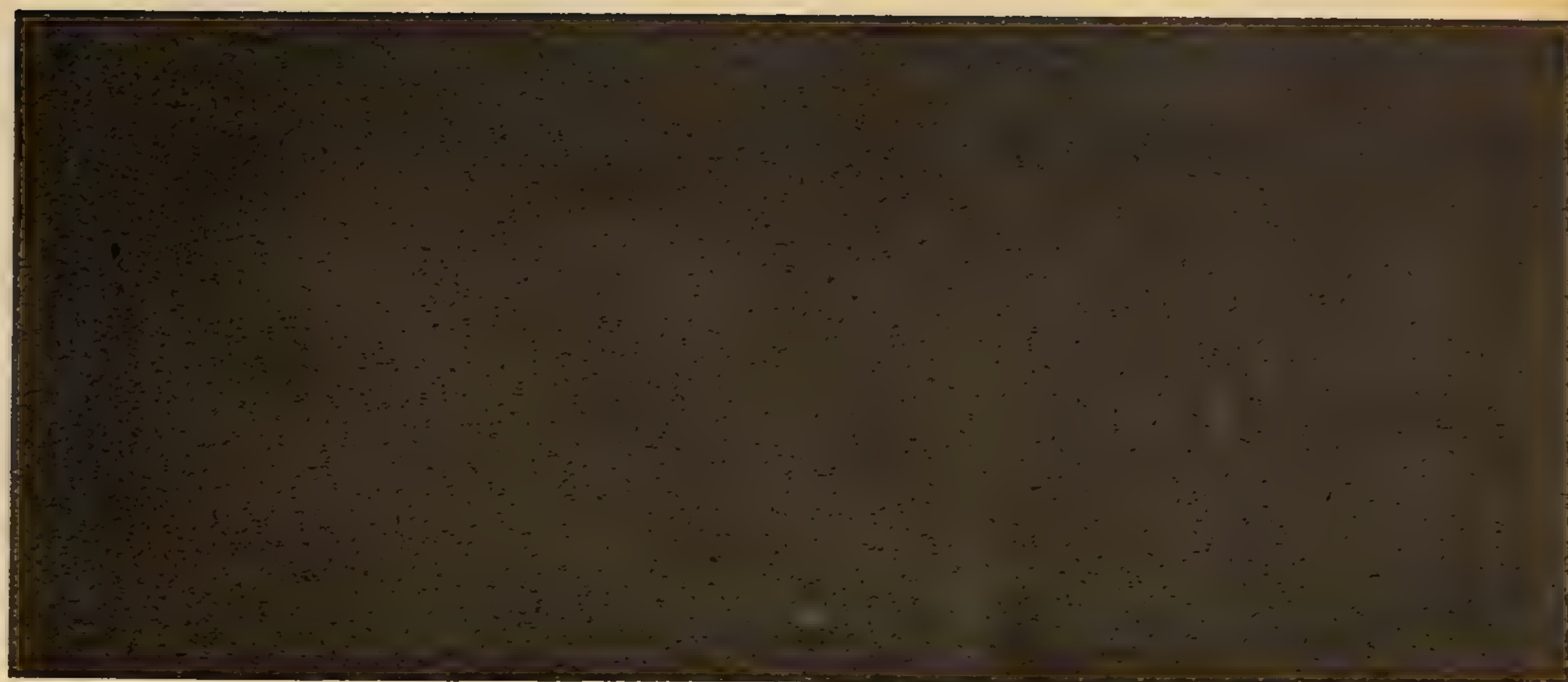
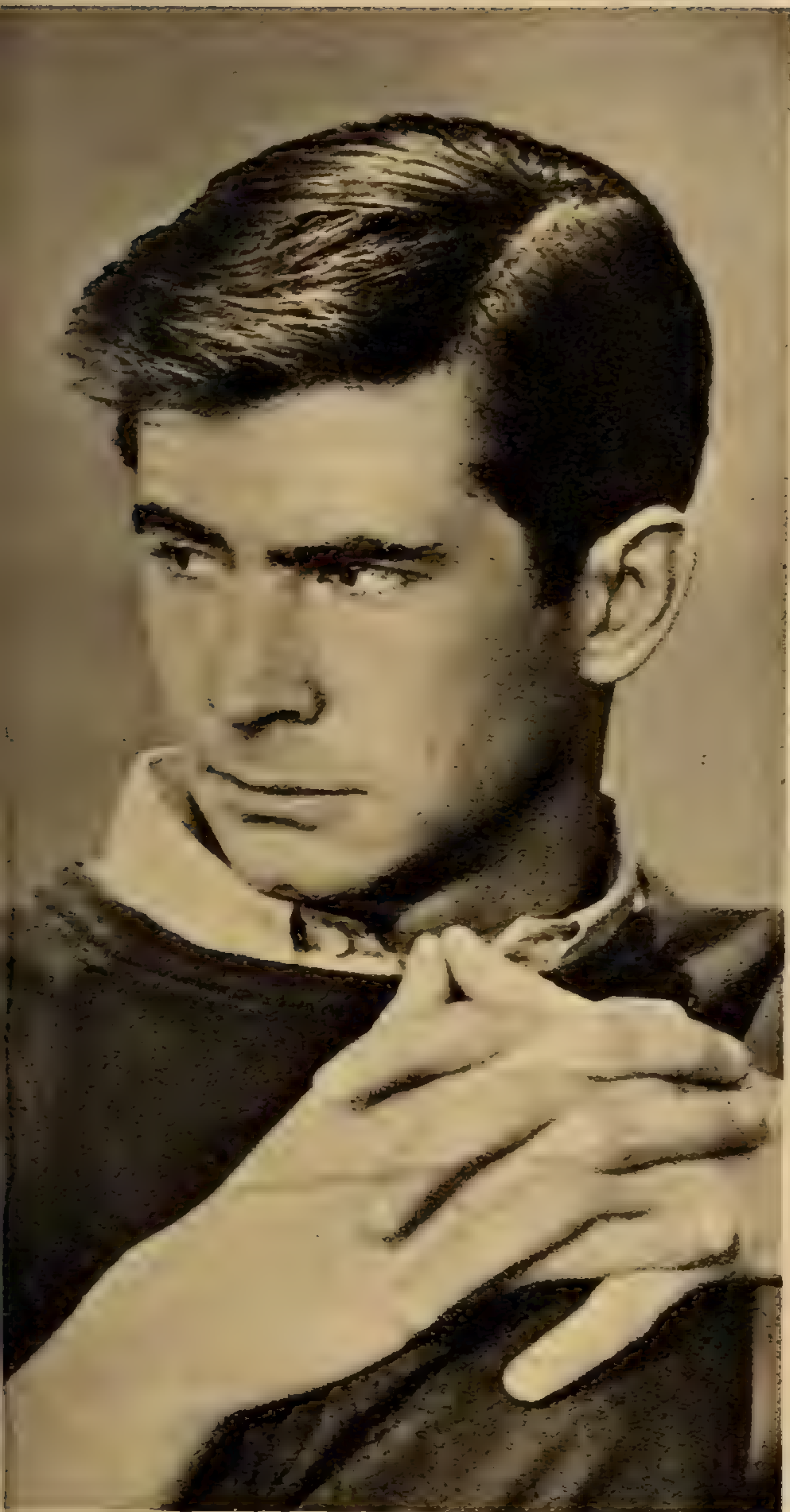
Q. *As a result, did he receive considerable publicity* (Continued on page 69)

I'm
working
so hard now
I'm
too exhausted
to date.
Why?
Because
I need
the money...



Authentic accounts straight from the lips of two Hollywood stars who might have been you. Tony Perkins confesses to his night with "the lead-pipe gang." Judi Meredith tells of her gripping battle with a sex maniac.

TEENAGE TERROR



TONY PERKINS

I was walking away from the bright lights of Broadway that night, walking aimlessly down New York's West 47th Street, along the garbage-strewn sidewalks, past the rundown brownstone buildings, the shabby tenements. Why I was walking in that dark neighborhood, I don't know exactly, but I had just come from seeing *Look Homeward, Angel*, the play I'd acted in only a year before. It had been my favorite role and now I was feeling a little useless, a little depressed. I just wanted to get away from the sights that would bring back so many sentimental memories. . . .

I was between Ninth and Tenth Avenues, when I noticed a sleazy nightclub (*Continued on page 80*)

JUDI MEREDITH

I've heard and read about girls who were followed by men, cornered in dark alleys, overpowered in their own homes, mistreated even in broad daylight! But somehow I never thought that I would ever go through an experience so frightening that I still wake up some nights screaming.

Heaven knows, I've had ample warnings. I remember a girl in high school—she must have been fourteen or fifteen at the time—calling me frantically one morning to tell me a fellow had pulled up alongside of her as she walked to school, and offered her a ride. She had accepted, but instead of turning off on the street where our school was located, he kept going—heading right out of town to an isolated area. And when she protested he pulled out a knife, and threatened her.

What happened after he stopped was so awful she could hardly talk about it. (*Continued on page 71*)



FAEB



IAN!

It was Labor Day of 1957. A tall, husky, handsome boy stood on the stone steps of a tan brick house, one of a block of such houses, in a quiet South Philadelphia street.

Ordinarily the boy would have been digging out his white and orange jersey marked '40' and the yellow helmet, and hurrying to meet the rest of the guys who made up the sandlot league football team, The Vikings.

Instead, he was staring silently at the ambulance in front of the house, and he felt small and helpless and

suddenly—all choked up.

He was too stunned to notice a neatly-dressed man of about twenty-eight, who stood on the sidewalk watching him.

The man was Bob Marcucci, who lived around the corner and who was being hailed by the theatrical trade papers as the genius from Philadelphia who wrote songs, published music, co-owned Chancellor Records and a management firm that handled Frankie Avalon and other singers.

He was very much impressed by the boy's appearance. He made a quick mental note of the lad's fine

athletic figure, about five-foot-ten, his football player's body, his nice blond-brown hair; his bright, intense blue-green eyes; his regal bearing.

Then he hurried next door into his friend Johnny's house to find out what in the world the ambulance was all about.

Johnny told Bob the ambulance was called in to pick up the policeman next door, who just had a relapse, following a recent heart attack. The boy standing outside had been the policeman's eldest son, Fabian, a student at South Philadelphia High School.

For the next few days, Marcucci couldn't get out of his mind the picture of that handsome boy standing on the stone steps, sorrow stricken but dignified.

He made discreet inquiries about the boy and discovered he was considered by everyone in the neighborhood as a 'good kid.' He worked at the pharmacy nearby every day after school, got good marks at school, went big for sports, kept out of trouble, did favors for everybody in the neighborhood.

"When there's snow to be shoveled, Fabian is the first to (Continued on page 67)

by Paul Denis



GALE STORM'S ROAD TO HAPPINESS

A story every woman should read

IN the white-walled room of Los Angeles' Queen of Angels hospital, Dr. Bernard Hanley was leaning over Gale Storm when she came out of her anesthetic after a recent stomach operation, an operation far more serious than the daily press had indicated.

"You are going to be all right," he assured her as she opened her eyes.

"Thank you, doctor," Gale smiled weakly. "Thanks for all you have done. . . ."

"I didn't do it alone," he insisted.

She knew he was referring to the help from his colleague, Dr. Robert Hope, from the anesthetist, the assistants, the nurses, and as with all operations, the Almighty. . . .

Yet to Gale, his remark took on an even broader meaning. "I know," she murmured before the sedatives took hold of her once again and threw her back into a state of semi-consciousness. "I know—none of us ever does it alone," she said. (Continued on page 64)

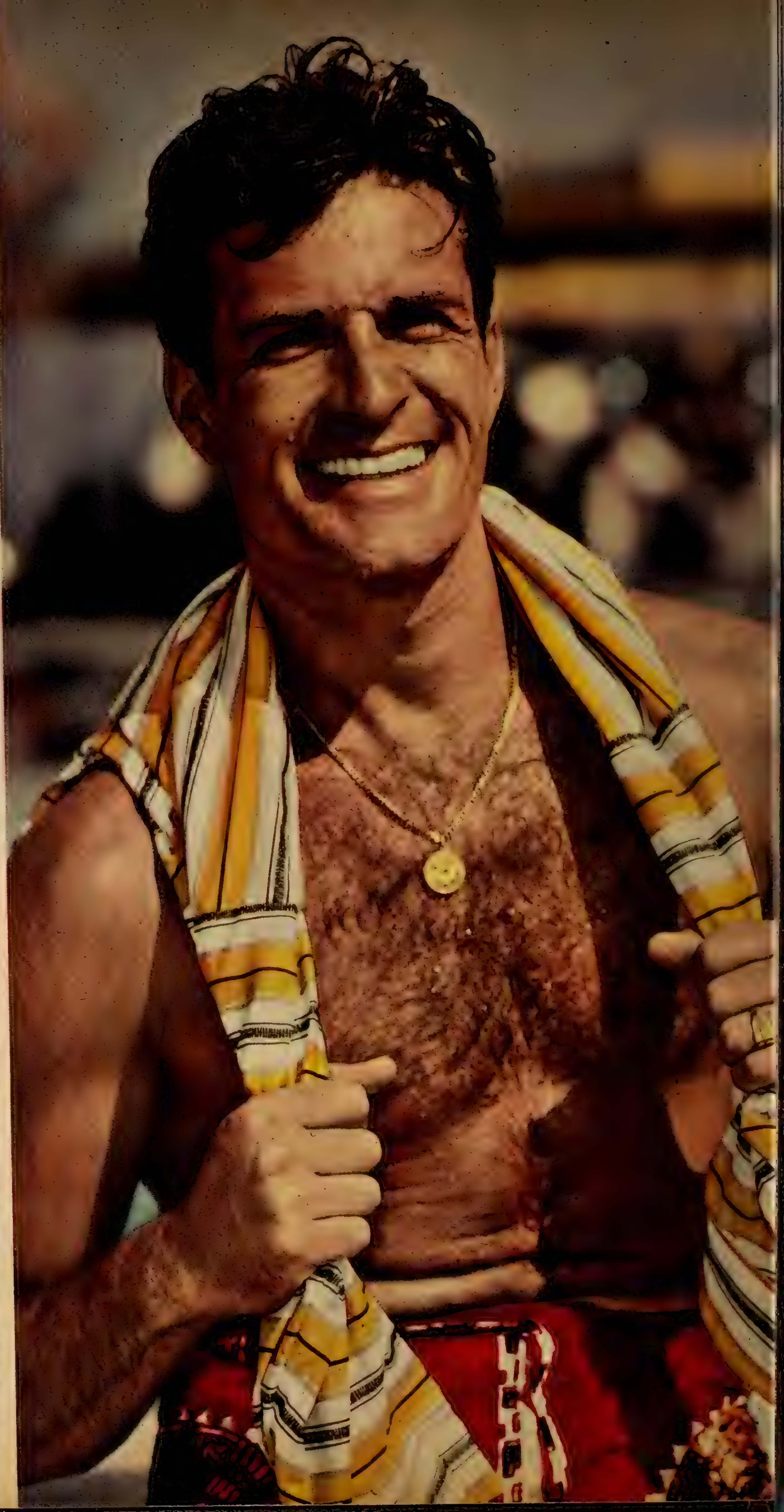


Nothing is worth the struggle without the loving arms of an adoring husband, the tender advice of a wise mother (left) and a helping hand when a new baby arrives.



"No woman can live alone"

by Peer J. Oppenheimer





if you're a teenager
Hugh O'Brian is offering
you the opportunity
of a lifetime

You
can spend
the
SUMMER
with
me!

I'm going to open up a ranch and you can spend the summer with me! Who can? A whole passel of very special guys and gals who read this article can. What's this all about? Well, let me begin by telling you how I got this idea of mine, the idea to start the Hugh O'Brian Youth Foundation Ranch. . . .

It was a chilly morning last winter and I was due in an hour at the TV studio in Hollywood. The dark California sky rumbled with warnings of rain. I walked out to the garage for my steel grey Thunderbird. I turned my car key in the ignition, backed out of the driveway and drove off to the treacherous (Continued on page 82)

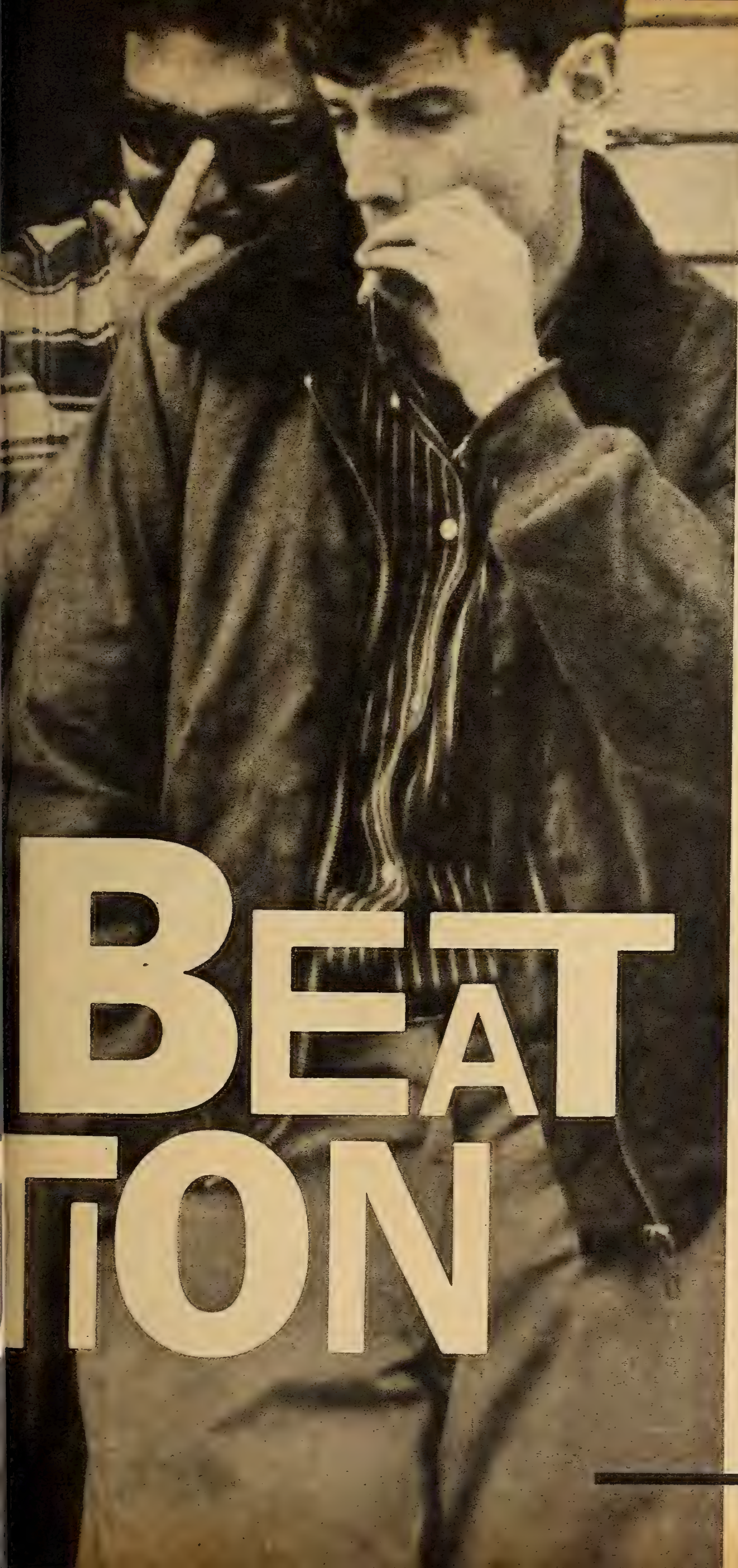


15-year-old **TUESDAY WELD**

*is the most excitingly different actress
to hit Hollywood in a decade.*

*Off the screen, she leads
an extraordinary life as...*

**THE BABY
QUEEN
OF
THE
GENERATION**



BEAT TION

I 'M Doug Brewer, Hollywood reporter.

One afternoon about eight months ago I stopped by one of those beatnik coffee houses on Sunset Boulevard for a sandwich.

Three young fellows sat at the table next to me.

Two had beards; one had gravy stains on his shirt—from supper the night before.

They were talking about a young actress—a redhead, in her twenties—who'd just been signed to a seven-year contract by one of the major studios.

"The freap," one of them was saying, "she's sold out to those old bags of bacteria."

"Whaddya expect?" another asked, with a frown. "She's a fake. She's only out here to find some dough and a Daddy-O who can take care of her for the rest of her life."

Suddenly, I noticed, they

(continued on next page)

THE BABY
QUEEN
OF THE
BEAT
GENERATION



*Weird cars
and palmistry,
strange dances,
coffee shops,
pool halls and
bongo drums through
the night...*

THIS IS TUESDAY'S BEAT KINGDOM





(Continued from preceding page) turned to the door of the cafe and they smiled.

"Hail, the Queen," one of them said. "Now here's a kitten who is really cultured."

I followed their gazes.

Walking in was a young girl—very young, very pretty—with long blonde hair down to here, long black stockings, a black dress.

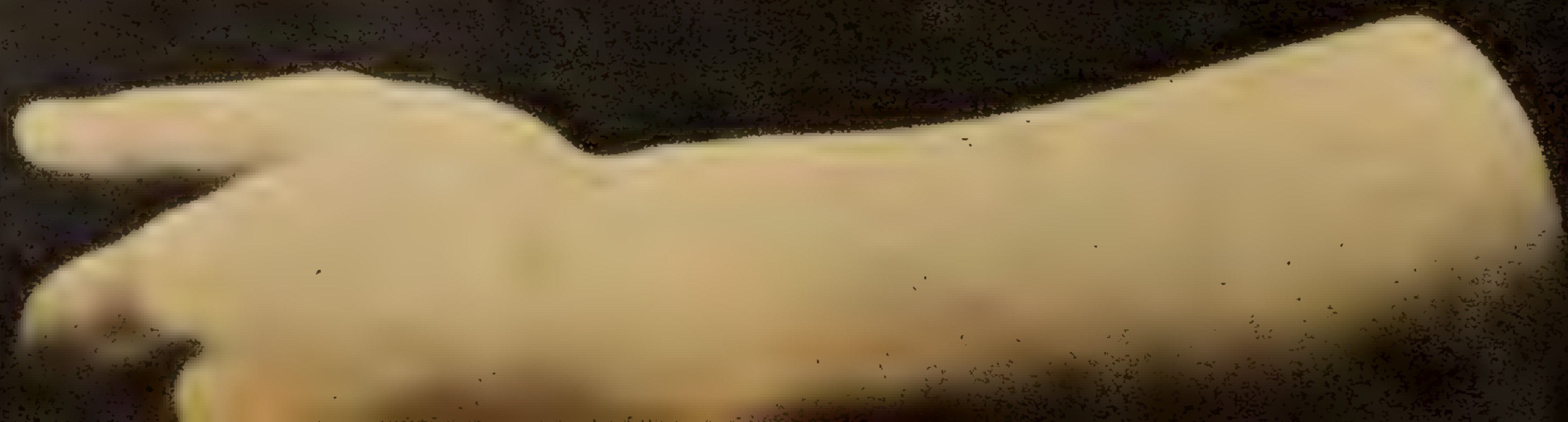
"Boom," she said, as she approached the table. "Whooshshhh . . . ," she hissed.

continued



TUESDAY

is every inch a **QUEEN**



THE BABY
QUEEN
OF THE
BEAT
GENERATION

(Continued from preceding page) She sat.

She signaled a waiter away.

"I just dropped by this pad for a sec," she said. "I'm on my way to shoot some pool."

"Where'd you get the locks?" one of the fellows asked, pointing to her hair.

"It's a wig," she said. "Got it yesterday. You dig?"

"Man," they all said, in chorus.

For the next few minutes the kitten jabbered away with jazz—I mean, she talked.

The talk was fascinating.

"I got proposed to last night, by a BTO," she said, at one point. "Did I say, 'No'? Of course not. I said, 'We'll see.' Don't ask me why."

"Hollywood," she said at another point. "I hate the time

I have to waste making words with the jacks out here. I hate making with the small words. But it's a must here, a necessity of the biz—if you wanna swim, you gotta keep beatin' the choppers."

After a while, she left.

I followed her.

Sure enough, she walked down Sunset a few blocks, turned right, then walked to Santa Monica, until she came to a poolhall—called Dad's.

I watched her shoot for a while.

She was good.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Tuesday's the name," she said.

"How old are you?" I asked.

"Going on fifteen," she said.

"Shouldn't you be in school?" I asked.

"I put in my time today," she said.

She got back to her game.

I talked next to a young fellow shooting at another table.

I pointed to the girl.

"Know her?" I asked.

"Sure," he said. "That's the coolest. Her name's Tuesday. Tuesday Weld. She's gonna be a big actress someday. She's gonna be Queen of this here world."

That night I checked with some personal friends.

"Yes, there was a kid recently arrived in Hollywood named Tuesday Weld.

"And what a kid," they all said. (Continued on page 86)

...but **TUESDAY** is a
QUEEN
WITH
NIGHTMARES



ROCK!



This is the period of Debbie's life that you may not know about, Rock...



At fourteen Debbie was already a voluptuous woman, a year later she married and bore a child.

ARE YOU GOING TO MARRY DEBBIE?



Dear Rock,
What you are about to learn about Debbie Power in this letter may surprise you.

It surprised us.

Debbie doesn't talk much about herself, and we wonder if *you* know the facts about this girl with whom your name has been linked recently.

All the facts. . . .

To go back a little—You first met her in June of last year, a little less than a month after she married Ty Power.

It was a Saturday, remember?

The day before your good friend Ty had given you a call

asking you to come down to Balboa to spend the week end on his boat—to relax a little, to get some sun and, most important, to meet his new bride.

You said no. You didn't think you could make 'it, you said. You were feeling depressed and gloomy and you didn't want to spoil anybody else's fun by being around.

Ty didn't ask any questions. He knew how the pile of publicity about your divorce from Phyllis was hurting you at the time. But he didn't mention this.

He (*Continued on page 62*)



**I
must
go
back
to
the**

**world
of
normal people**

the courageous story
of **Diane Varsi's**
escape from Hollywood

SHE walked toward the ramp, holding the baby in her arms. She was a tall girl, dressed in black, face blotchy, tan hair cropped short, eyes fixed on the open door of the plane ahead. She never looked back at the man who'd been her husband; she never waved good-bye.

Diane Varsi was leaving Hollywood, and Hollywood was shocked. Diane had made a big impression on the town, yet the town had not touched Diane. She had not been moved or changed by a single person in the motion picture industry. She'd let herself be built into a star, but she wouldn't go to premieres ("I hate being on display") and she wouldn't come out from behind her black stockings and shabby sweaters ("I'm getting paid to act, not to dress") and she'd said that she would rather meet Aldous Huxley any day than Clark Gable. *(Continued on next page)*



CONTINUED



DIANE VARSI continued

When she announced that she was quitting her career to go live in Bennington, Vermont, Hollywood gasped, and fought back like a lover spurned.

One advertising executive blamed the whole thing on "the wrong kind of companions. I've seen her walking with strange-looking people who looked cheap and actually unwashed."

A reporter claimed Diane didn't have "all her marbles. Her mental processes seemed those of a fourteen-year-old child. You would ask a simple question and she would wander off into a commentary on her 'mental image' and how she waited for 'messages' on the right thing to do."

Two publicists, so Hollywood-oriented they believed the stuff they wrote, simply couldn't entertain the idea that anyone would voluntarily flee their golden city. "She's either a crackpot or it's all a publicity stunt," said the first, and the other gave odds that she'd be back—"because *nobody* gives up this business."

A top dress designer flatly stated that Diane was "a mental case. I don't know the name of her malady, but periodically she hated everyone. She was not really terribly attractive physically; she was about as sexy as a stalk of celery."

A magazine photographer, more compassionate than some of his fellow commentators, worried about Diane's future. "The sad thing is that she can't have made enough money to provide for the rest of her life—she's not a name like Marilyn Monroe or Grace Kelly. She really wasn't a big star, and she'll be quickly forgotten. Maybe that's what she wants."

Jayne Mansfield said she'd known Diane was different from other women because all women talk to their hairdressers, and Diane never said a word to hers.

Other actors offered other opinions. Diane was "a weirdy." Diane was "sincerely (Continued on page 83)

Exclusive photos of Diane Varsi's last moments as an actress. After making this scene for *Whodunit*, a 20th Century Fox television film that may never be released, Diane, physically and mentally exhausted, gave up Hollywood and acting—forever.



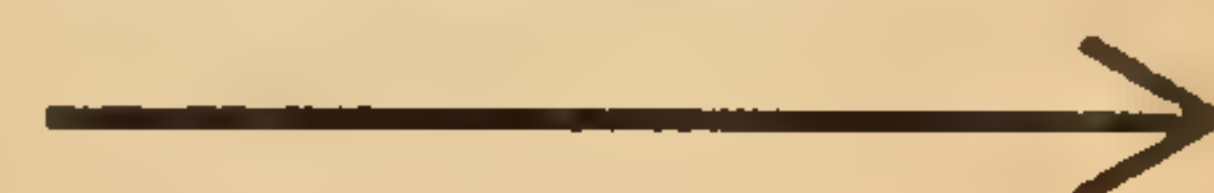
“Were
you pretending,
Tommy?”



I wasn't!”

This is Paulette Verrier, the girl Tommy Sands picked from all the thousands who sent in their pictures in response to his plea in our March issue. This is

Paulette's own story of their date....





As I waited for you, I was worried we'd never find each other in the crowd at Grand Central Station. But you came right over with a big hello. I felt so shy I couldn't say anything...I prayed you'd know what to say, you'd know what to do....

"At first I was scared to death—a little Miss Nobody on a date with you!"

*Did you see in my eyes
how frightened I was?
Is that why you said,
"We'll buy sandwiches
and go to the park."
What a beautiful,
beautiful idea.*

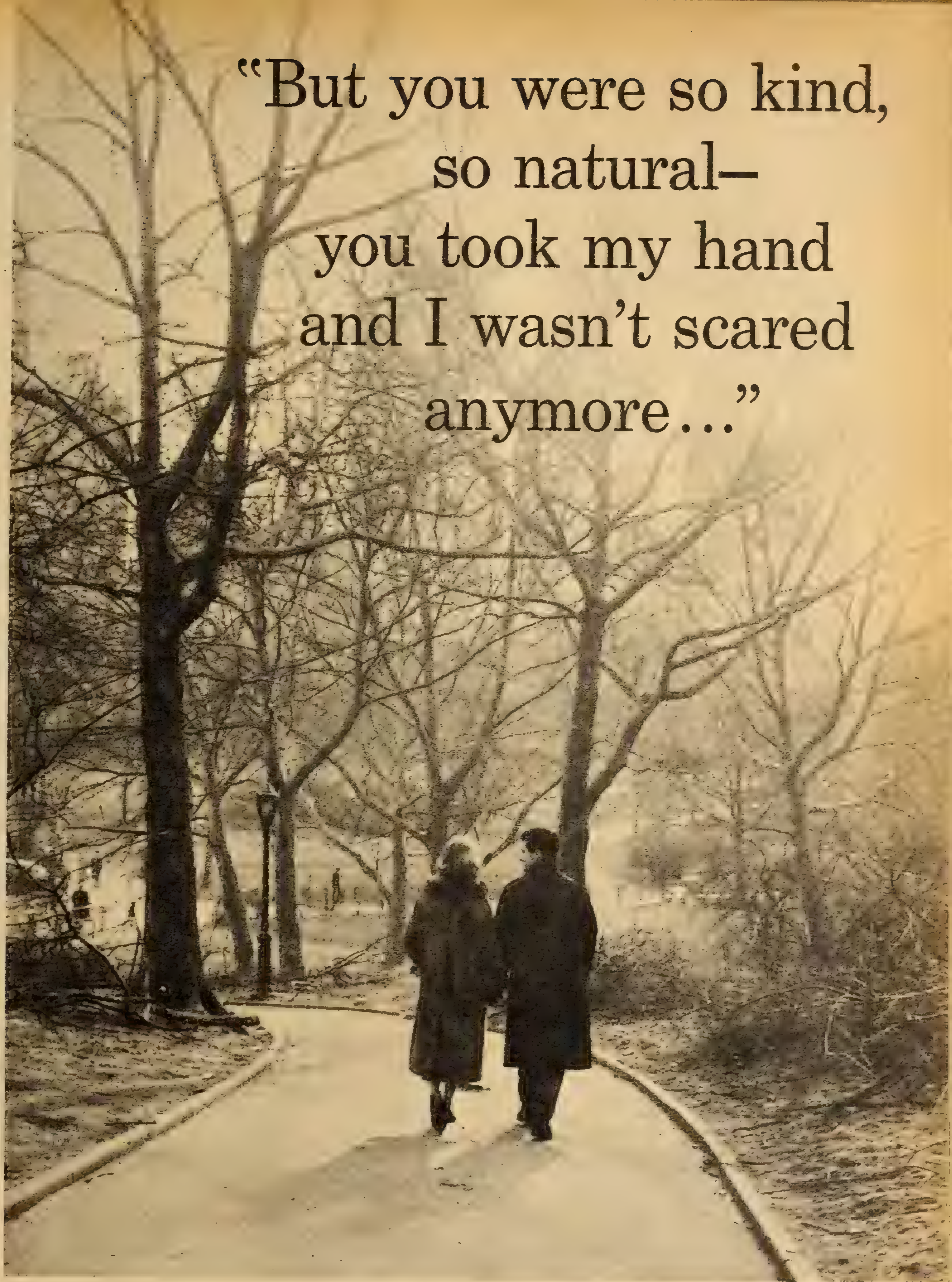
by Paulette Verrier as told to George Christy

Remember Tommy's story in *Modern Screen*—WILL YOU BE MY VALENTINE? Tommy admitted he was lonesome and said he would write a note to the girl whose picture seemed 'most ideal.' I sent in a snapshot, but never expected to hear from him, and one afternoon when I got home from school and I was watching the Dick Clark afternoon show on television, the telephone rang, and my mom said, "Paulette, it's for you!"

It was Tommy! He told me he'd spent days looking over the thousands and thousands of snapshots he received in response to his story, and since he liked mine so much and I lived nearby in Greenwich, Connecticut, why didn't I come to New York for a Saturday afternoon date?

I can't remember anything I said. But Tommy said that Cookie, the editor's secretary, would call me in a couple of (Continued on page 58)



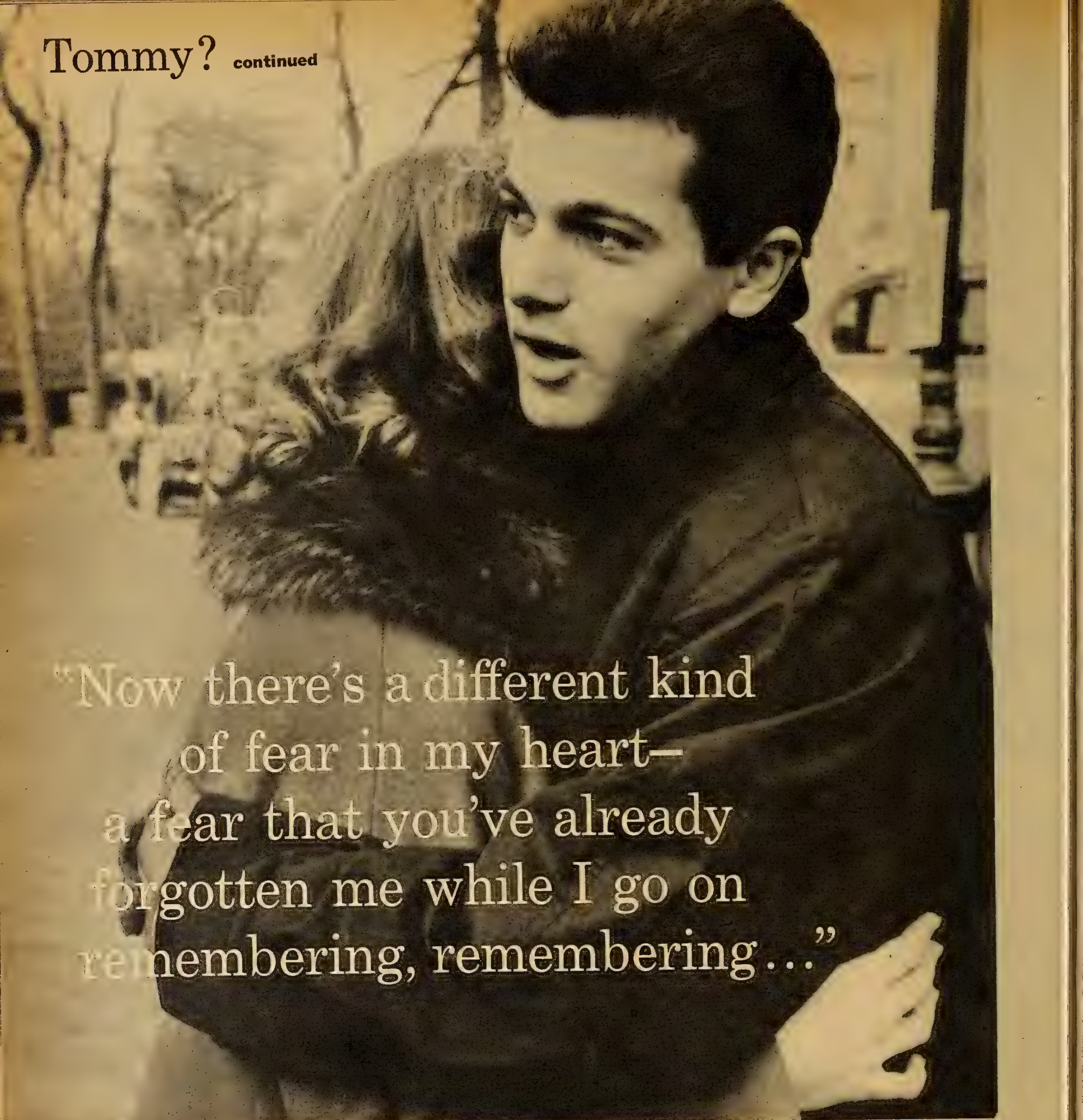


"But you were so kind,
so natural—
you took my hand
and I wasn't scared
anymore..."

*I felt so happy and relaxed with you,
Tommy. Do all girls feel that way—or
was I...were we really going through
something wonderful? When you
asked the photographer to let us have
some time alone together, I was
so thrilled . . . but so bewildered.*

continued





"Now there's a different kind
of fear in my heart—
a fear that you've already
forgotten me while I go on
remembering, remembering..."

(Continued from page 56) days to find out what train I'd take, and he promised to meet me at the station.

Cookie called all right, and I told her I'd arrive at twelve-thirty. I know I shouldn't have, but I got up all my nerve and asked Cookie what Tommy was like.

"Oh," she said, with a twinkle—if that's possible—in her voice,

"you'll see!" And then she laughed.

When Saturday morning rolled around, I decided to dress in an orange sweater and skirt (I remembered reading in Tommy's story that he flipped for casual clothes), and I took the eleven-thirty train to New York.

Sitting in the train, waiting for the minutes (Continued on page 59)

to pass, seemed like an eternity. But, to tell the truth, although I was excited over meeting Tommy, I figured the whole afternoon would be 'planned' by MODERN SCREEN. I expected it to be one of those guided dates I'd read about in gossip columns.

As the rumbling train roared into the black tunnel of Grand Central Station, I said a prayer. I asked God to help me through the afternoon for suddenly I was afraid. I was scared of being just a Little Miss Nobody. Who was I that Tommy should spend an afternoon with me—when all the movie starlets were at Tommy's beck and call. . . .

Tommy was waiting in the middle of the huge Grand Central waiting room. I spotted him right away in his navy blue raincoat. He was holding my picture in his hand. Bright-eyed, his dark hair shiny and brushed, he looked just as handsome as his photographs. He recognized me when I was about ten feet away from him, and he came over and said hello. He was shy, too, but his voice was so soft that I felt comfortable immediately. He asked me if I had a good trip.

I told him I did.

Then he said, "Did you order this great weather? We're really in luck. This is the first real day of spring! I wonder if that's an omen for two strangers meeting. . . ."

In Connecticut, I told him, there were traces of green on the weeping willow trees.

"Say," he said. "Are you hungry?"

"Just a little."

"Well, we'll fix that right now," he commented as we went outdoors. He hailed a yellow cab, and the two of us sat in the back seat. Tommy said, "I've made a reservation for lunch at Sardi's."

"Oh," I said, not knowing what to say.

"They have terrific Italian food. Caneloni and manicotti and chicken cacciatore. I'm sure you'll like it."

"But . . ." I hedged. "I'm . . . I'm too excited to eat a lot."

Tommy's idea

He smiled his wonderfully wide Tommy-smile and reached over and took my hand. "Hey," he said, "I have an idea. Since this is such a beautiful day, the first really warm day of spring, why don't we get a couple of sandwiches and go wandering through Central Park?"

I nodded, and he stopped the cab, and we hustled into the bustling Sixth Avenue Delicatessen with its rich smells of grilled meat. We ordered roast beef sandwiches on rye 'to go'—and Tommy asked for an order of sour pickles.

The two of us headed for the park which was around the corner. We passed a pet shop window and looked at the playful puppies. Tommy confessed he wanted a dog, but couldn't have one. "Too many tours," he said sadly, "and I couldn't always take him with me."

"Where's your next tour taking you?" I asked, hoping I wasn't prying.

"Hawaii and Australia," he said. "It's fun, touring. You get a chance to meet lots of new people, but the thing I don't like about touring is flying. After a while, flying bothers you. It makes you nervous, and you wonder if maybe you aren't taking too much advantage of luck!"

We entered Central Park and found a rock formation near the lake. We sat on the cold rock and ate our sandwiches. Then, out of the blue, the two of us started talking about our dreams.

Tommy said he wants to build a big house surrounded by a beautiful garden. "Something to look forward to every time I come home from my tours. And," he added, "I hope I'm married soon so that I'll have someone to look after me—and

the house, and garden—and kids, too!"

He asked me about my ambitions, and I admitted I didn't know what I wanted. I wasn't certain if college was for me, and I was mulling over the idea with my parents. But, I told him, I wanted to be a good wife and have a family of my own someday.

"I know just what you mean," Tommy said, looking into my eyes. . . .

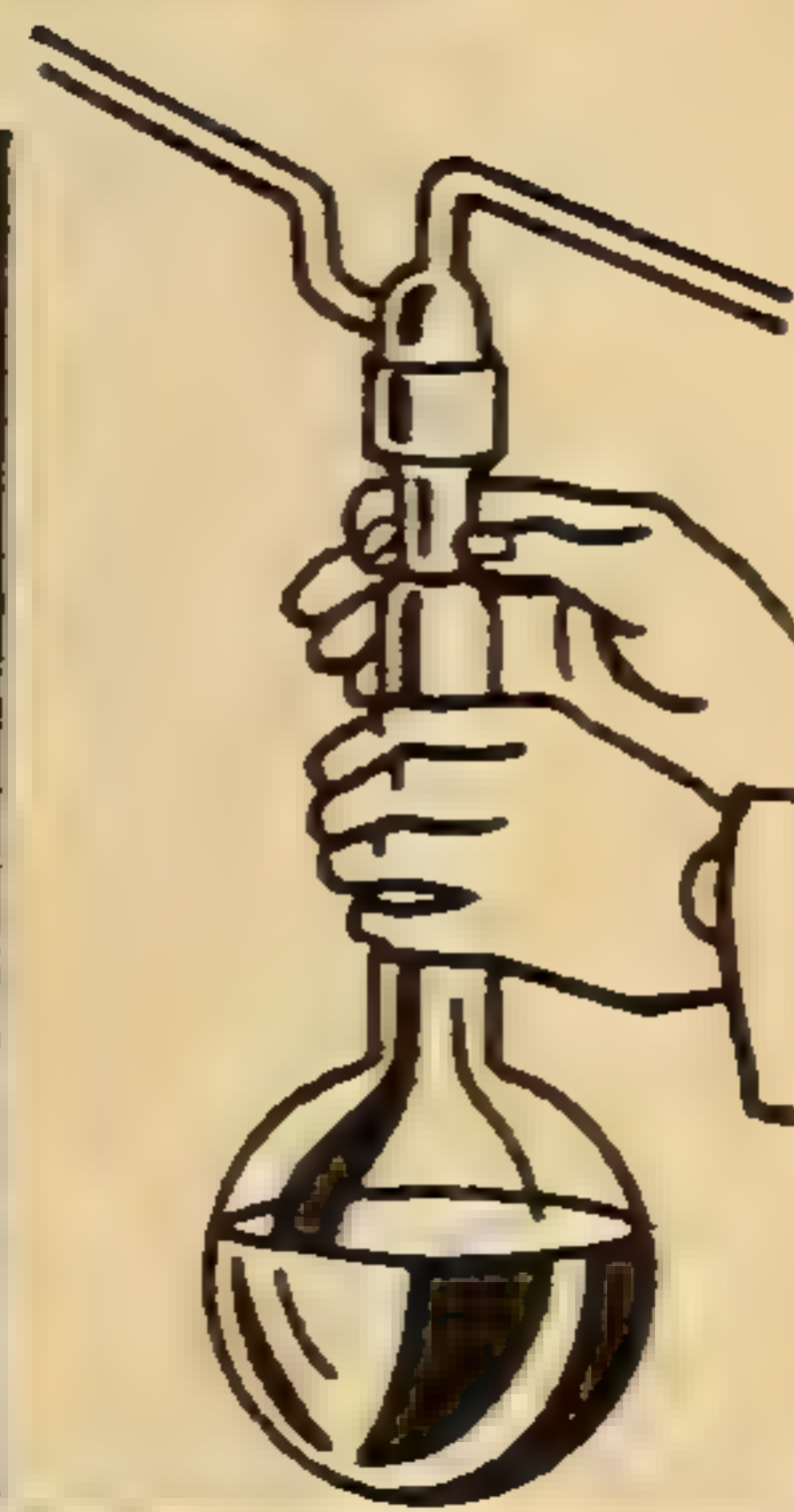
We wandered—hand in hand

In a moment we fed the gliding white ducks in the blue lake. We gave them crumbs from our sandwiches. Tommy tossed a pickle to them, and you should have seen the ducks dive for it. Then Tommy and I wandered through the dry dirt paths of the park, hand in hand, laughing at silly things like the funny shapes of some rock piles which looked like people's faces and a dog convention which some elderly women were having. But the dogs were barking so loud the women couldn't get a word in edgewise about their pets.

"I bought tickets," Tommy started to say, ". . . for a matinee for us to go to see . . ." We were walking uphill to the Woolman Rink to watch the iceskaters. "But. . . ."

HELP

THE
RESEARCH
ATTACK
ON
CEREBRAL
PALSY



JOIN

THE 53 MINUTE MARCH

"Yes?" I said.

" . . . But," he continued, "I'd just as soon—" He didn't finish the sentence. "What?" I asked him.

"I'd just as soon," he said again, "spend the afternoon . . . wandering through the park . . . with you. . . ."

There was a queer lump in my throat, and I couldn't answer.

"What do you say?" he said. "Shall I give the tickets away?"

"All right," I said softly, barely able to hear my own voice.

He took the two theater tickets out of his wallet (later he told me they were for *Flower Drum Song*) and he called the photographer over and told him to enjoy the show with the compliments of Paulette and Tommy.

We watched the graceful iceskaters for a while, then we strolled through the dusty, crooked lanes of the park. We visited the zoo and laughed at the frisky chimpanzees. We bought ice cream sticks from a white-uniformed vendor with a cart who told us this was his first day on the job. We sat on a bench, licking our ice cream, and looked at the still bluegrey water of the lake and at the ruffled, ribbonlike trails of the floating ducks in it.

Later, we walked to the boat house and looked at the rows of canoes at the edge of the water. It was too early in the year to rent one. At the boat house we had candy and Cokes, and when I looked at my watch, I knew it would be time for me to leave soon, time to take the train home.

It felt so natural

But I didn't want to go. Tommy made me feel so comfortable. He was just like one of the guys back in Greenwich, Connecticut, so natural and easy to get along with. Except for the time when a gang of schoolgirls spotted Tommy and ran over for autographs, I never felt I was dating a big movie star.

Wending our way toward Fifth Avenue from the park, I said, "Gee, Tommy . . . I . . . I hate to go. . . ."

"I've had a wonderful time," he said. "I hope you didn't mind missing the show. But I wanted to spend the time with you instead."

"When will you be leaving for Hawaii?" I asked.

"Tomorrow," he answered.

Suddenly there was a strange, fierce pounding in my heart. Tomorrow! Within twenty-four hours he'd be hundreds of miles away. What would happen? Would he meet another girl somewhere next Saturday . . . and another girl . . . and another . . . every Saturday of his tour. . . ?

And I . . . Would I ever see him again?

He asked for my address and he said he'd send me some postcards.

"And when I get back," he said, "maybe we can get together again?"

"Swell," I said, hoping he would hear the enthusiasm in my voice.

I checked my watch again. It was time for me to be heading for Grand Central for the train. Tommy hailed a taxi, and the two of us rode to the station. When we got off at Forty-Second Street, Tommy said, "Just a minute . . ." and he ran to a flower shop and came back with a bunch of pink sweet peas for me as a little reminder of the first day of spring . . . and our date.

We started to say good-bye and he took me in his arms and embraced me, and I had a hard time holding back the tears. Don't ask me why, but I couldn't help it. I know it was only a first date, but . . . well . . . he's so special I just couldn't help feeling a little sorry for myself, thinking I might never see Tommy again. . . .

Were you pretending, Tommy. . . ?

And now, weeks later, I just can't forget him. Tommy's in my mind all the time. I even went and told the girls at school that I planned to ask him to our spring dance, and one of the girls started a wild rumor that Tommy accepted. True, he's sent me picture postcards from Hawaii and Australia, and I have them scotch-taped to my bedroom wall. And I've pressed the pink sweet peas in my Webster's Dictionary because I'm going to keep them forever.

But my heart. . . ? Well, I've lost it—to Tommy. It wasn't such a lovey-dovey afternoon we spent together, but it was so easy and natural and I wonder if I haven't fallen hopelessly in love. All the sweet things Tommy did, I wonder if he was pretending. . . . Maybe I'm a fool to be so free with my heart, but I just can't seem to help it. . . .

And every night before I go to bed I wonder what Tommy's doing, what girls he's seeing, whether or not I'll ever see him again. And some nights, when I think about our Saturday afternoon date on that gentle spring day, my eyes fill with tears and I cry myself to sleep because I know within my heart I've met a really wonderful and very special kind of guy.

But all the while I wonder if maybe Tommy isn't forgetting me while I go on remembering . . . remembering. . . .

END

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Opposite above: Body Beautiful, sarong simplicity of Fabulastic. Diagonally draped bra and skirt . . . \$16.95

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Catalina



Rock! Are You Going To Marry Debbie?

(Continued from page 51)

just talked and talked instead, until he'd talked you into accepting.

Saturday morning, you showed up at the boat.

You didn't try to kid anyone as you walked up the gangway. You're an honest guy and you still didn't feel so hot and the first thing you told Ty was that you were going to park your suitcase, say hello to the new Mrs. Power and then go off and find a spot and sit alone.

But then the new Mrs. Power appeared.

She was natural and gracious and all those things Ty had told you about her just before he'd married her.

Within a few hours, she'd managed to snap you out of your mood.

She kidded with you.

She got you to go swimming with her and Ty.

Then fishing.

Came lunch and she prepared one of her special meals.

Came dinner and she did the same, only better.

Came evening and she hauled out an old phonograph and put on some records and got you to dance—with her, and with some of the gals from nearby boats who'd dropped over.

Came time to call it a day and your gloom had vanished and you were all smiles, looking forward to the next day and to all those other week ends you knew you would be spending with the Powers from that time on.

In September, Ty and Debbie left Hollywood for Spain, where Ty would begin work on *Solomon and Sheba*.

You gave a small farewell party for them—aboard the *Khairuzan*, the boat you had since bought and which you docked alongside theirs.

As the party neared an end you put your arms around Ty and Debbie and you said, "You people are really the best friends a guy could ask for. I'll miss you. A lot." You meant it.

Debbie leaned forward and kissed you good-bye.

A little while later, they were gone.

The next time you saw Debbie

The next time you saw Debbie was in late November, after Ty's tragic death in Spain. She had come back to Hollywood for the funeral. She was grief-stricken. She was nearly seven months pregnant with Ty's baby, and sick. And she didn't want to see anyone but Ty's best friends.

You, of course, were among the first to call.

You, as it turned out, were the most comforting to the young widow in this, her hour of need.

You talked about Ty as Debbie sat and listened.

You recalled some of the fun you and Ty had had—long before he'd met Debbie.

Some of the stories were very funny, and you laughed together.

But sometimes there would be a silence after the laughter and the tears would come to Debbie's eyes and you would take her hand and grip it hard and whisper kind words.

More and more, she counted on you.

After the birth of her baby did she especially count on you.

For this was the toughest period of her life—to have had her wonderful baby and not to have had the baby's father there to share in its wonder.

There were times now when Debbie couldn't take it, and had to get out of

the house—plain and simple, had to get out. You understood this, Rock.

You took her to the beach. You took her to your boat. You took her to the movies and to dinner and, once in a while, to small parties. It was done quietly.

But, gradually, reports of your going together began to make the columns.

A little here, a little there, and people began to ask questions. Some were cruel.

"Why," they asked, "so soon after her husband's death has she begun to date another man?"

"What's with Rock," they asked, "letting himself in for this kind of publicity?"

"Isn't that something?" they asked. "Her announcing that she even wants Rock to be the baby's godfather."

They bothered you, these people and their comments. They made you angry.

But your only concern was Debbie.

Miiko Taka, the Japanese actress, says: "The fans don't care what I sign, as long as I write from the top down."

*Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post*

And you continued seeing her, helping her.

She was lonely. She was your friend.

And, it seems—though you certainly didn't plan it that way—you were beginning to fall in love.

We realize this now, though frankly, we thought at first that other people who had noticed this might be wrong.

But then, as time passed, we began to change our minds. . . .

And we began to wonder about Debbie.

We figured she must be a pretty special person—in some way—to have attracted first Ty, and then you, so much.

We became very curious.

So curious that we went down to Mississippi for a few days to talk with the hometown people who knew her best, her relatives, her friends.

We found out things about her, things you may not even know—things that Debbie (remembered in Mississippi as Dorothy Jean) has been fighting, and fighting for, all her life.

We found out—first, and most important, that since childhood she has been looking for someone to whom she can give her love.

You see, Rock, she was just a little girl when her parents were divorced and left her with an elderly couple who had raised her mother. They were prosperous cotton farmers. They gave Debbie everything they could: pretty clothes, expensive toys, money for anything she wanted.

But, nice as they were, they were not her parents. And her love for them, as great as it was, could not be the same.

When Debbie was fourteen, they sent her to an exclusive boarding school. She was more mature physically than any of the other girls there. Emotionally, however, she was lost.

At fifteen, she met a boy—Don Wright. He was twenty-two, handsome and nice. Debbie thought she loved him. One week end they got married.

Debbie quit school. She kept house for Don. She would do all the laundry and ironing, even though Don had a good job and they could afford to have it sent out. She would dutifully set the table for breakfast the night before. She developed into a good cook.

After a year they had a baby, a girl

they named Cheryl. A beautiful baby.

Their marriage had been smooth.

It should have been perfect now.

But, somehow, the strain of motherhood became too great for a sixteen-year-old girl to cope with.

Debbie got sick. She began to lose weight. Her nerves were always on edge. Gradually, she and Don began to fight.

"It was awful for her," says a friend. "She wanted things to go well. But it was clear that she'd just gotten married too young, that she really wasn't meant for Don, nor he for her. And so, after about a year of this, they decided to part."

Debbie was seventeen when she returned to her foster-grandparents, a divorcee now and a mother.

Making up for the lost years

For a time she stayed with them, taking care of her baby.

Her health, however, seemed in bad shape.

Her grandparents suggested that she return to school, get out a little, make up for the two teenage years she had lost.

Debbie said no at first. "I've got to be with my baby," she insisted.

But after a while she realized that she was doing her baby no good, that an unhappy mother—a would-be woman who is basically still a child herself—cannot bring up a baby properly.

So she went back to school. And then, for a while, to college.

College, everybody thought, would be fine for Debbie. Lots of fun. Lots of excitement. Lots of people her own age to become friendly with.

But college was too slow for Debbie.

And because she was a good-looking girl, and had even won a beauty contest in her freshman year, she decided to quit college and go to New York to become a model. She would prove herself.

She enrolled in the John Robert Powers School of Modeling. She went through a year-long course. She got her diploma and went out looking for work.

Work, however, was not easy to find. Most successful models get a good break. Debbie never got hers. Occasionally something would come up—cheesecake stuff, calendar art, which Debbie didn't like to do. She did, though a few times. But then she gave up.

And, with two years down the drain, she left New York for Hollywood. "They use models there, too," she told a friend. "Maybe there I'll have better luck."

Hollywood turned out to be no picnic, either.

Another mistake

Debbie stayed for a while, and was about to leave—when she met a man named Nico Minardos.

They met by accident.

Nico—then a bit player in television—had a date with Debbie's roommate one night. The roommate was out on another date when he called for her. So after some persuasion, he got Debbie to go with him instead.

They drove to the beach, where they had dinner.

Throughout dinner Nico spoke of his work, his dreams, the future, about how he hoped someday soon for a chance to get into the movies and to the top.

Debbie was fascinated.

At the end of their date, Nico asked for another one.

Debbie said yes.

After a few more dates she thought that she was in love with her young actor, and he with her.

On January 12, 1954, they were married. But it turned out to be no marriage at all.

Nico was (Continued on page 64)



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CUTEX®



(Continued from page 62)

a wonderful person. He was deeply involved in his acting. He's on his way today. Right now he is working in Twentieth Century-Fox's *Holiday for Lovers*, with Jane Wyman and Clifton Webb. His part is big.

But back in '54 and for a few years after that, work was hard to come by. And Nico had to spend most of his time studying, rehearsing, making rounds, trying out for parts, most of his time away from home and Debbie.

There were money problems, too.

Nico and Debbie lived skimpily, in a drab one-bedroom apartment on the outskirts of Hollywood.

Ready cash was at a minimum.

Debbie tried to help out. She got a job in a department store. Once, in an attempt to win some money, she tried to get on the Groucho Marx tv show.

"You're awful pretty, Sis," she was told, "but you're just not out-of-the-ordinary enough."

Debbie felt the walls of her life closing in on her.

It was a few years now, and nothing was going right with this marriage.

"If only we were really in love," she started to say to herself one night.

She stopped suddenly.

"Aren't we . . . aren't we?" she asked herself, in anguish. "Has this been another mistake?"

She waited for Nico to come home.

It was late when he arrived.

Debbie gave him his supper and as he ate, they talked.

By the time the meal was over they both decided to come out with it. Their marriage was wrong. It would be best

for everyone concerned if they divorced.

It was, in fact, not long after the divorce when Debbie met Tyrone Power.

They met through a man named Charles Skipskey, a friend of Debbie's.

Skipskey, strangely enough, was the brother-in-law of Linda Christian, Ty's ex-wife. He had just married Linda's sister, Ariadne, and decided to ask his ex-brother-in-law if he could borrow his beach house for his honeymoon.

He and Ty made an appointment for lunch one day, to talk it over.

That morning, Skipskey ran into Debbie on the street.

He mentioned lunch, and Ty.

He noticed Debbie's face begin to flush.

"What's the matter?" he asked, laughingly.

Debbie shook her head.

"What?" he asked again.

Debbie sighed. Smiling, she told him now how ever since she was a girl she'd had a crush on Ty Power. "I used to keep a big scrapbook on him," she said. "I remember I went to see him in *Blood and Sand* five or six times. I told myself, 'Someday you're going to meet that man!' I was so young at the time. . . ."

"Come with me," he said, leading her into a nearby drugstore.

There, he made a phone call.

"Would you mind if I brought a friend to lunch?" he asked into the receiver.

"She's very nice, and pretty."

Debbie shook her head.

"Please," she whispered, "I couldn't . . . I really couldn't."

Skipskey paid her no mind.

"Okay?" he said, "see you at one."

At exactly one, a stunned and nervous

Debbie walked into a luxurious Beverly Hills restaurant.

Ty shook hands with her, and smiled.

For those next two years they spent together—first as lovers, then as husband and wife—Debbie was happy, for the first time in her life, truly happy.

She had found a man—a warm, gentle, wise, sophisticated man—who not only gave her love but who received, gladly, almost gratefully, all the love she had been forced to store inside herself for so long.

Finally, it seemed, all the sadness of these long years since her childhood, all the searching, had been worth it.

And then, suddenly, it was over.

That, Rock, is where you came in.

You comforted Debbie, and consoled her.

And then, it seems to those who know you both, you began to fall in love.

So far, you—like Debbie—have not admitted to this love.

You probably think people will not understand.

And so you say nothing.

It is true, in a way, that we might not have understood before we knew all the facts.

But now we feel we know Debbie, and understand her, and that we know why you have fallen in love with her.

Don't worry what the world thinks.

Love her.

Sincerely,

David Myers

Rock will appear in *THIS EARTH IS MINE* for U-I.

"No Woman Can Live Alone"

(Continued from page 41)

Gale was not speaking from delirium. We've been friends and neighbors for a long time, and she's told me the same thing repeatedly and emphatically before and since.

Nor was she talking entirely about her professional success. "Only egotists will take all the credit for their careers," she once said. And if anything, she's not that! She's often mentioned how grateful she is to Jessy Lasky for bringing her to Hollywood when she won his *Gateway to Hollywood* contest, to Alex Gottlieb who produces *The Gale Storm Show*, to Hal Roach, Jr., who finances it, to the writers, the publicists, the make-up people and hairdressers and everybody else who has helped her get ahead.

She meant primarily all the people who taught her to be happy, to appreciate the basic things in life—like love, and like being wanted and needed. "No woman can live alone," Gale said thoughtfully.

"I think Mom first showed me how wonderful being needed can be," she remarked as she recalled how she picked cotton in 120° heat on a neighbor's farm in Texas—when she was six years old.

Her father died when she was seventeen months old and her mother, Mrs. Minnie Cottle, had managed to support her family by taking in sewing.

Gale's brothers and sisters managed to add a little to the family budget by doing odd jobs here and there, but Baby Jo, as Gale was called then, was too little to bring in anything.

One day, when she walked home from the first grade, her girlfriend told her how her twelve-year-old brother had made a whole dollar picking cotton. That gave Gale an idea: why couldn't she do

the same? Even if she couldn't work as fast, she might be able to bring home fifty cents, anyway.

When she told her mother, Mrs. Cottle shook her head. "Not in this heat, Baby Jo," she insisted. "You'd be exhausted for a week. . . ."

That night Gale went to bed crying.

By morning Mrs. Cottle had changed her mind. "Many years later she told me how she had stayed up half the night weighing between seeing me tired from work or feeling crushed because I thought I couldn't do my share," Gale explained. "She finally told me if I really wanted to do it, I had her blessing. . . ."

Gale worked all afternoon till she finally stumbled home at suppertime, exhausted but feeling exhilarated for having done her part to help her mother.

"I was so excited that I forgot to collect the twenty-five cents I'd earned," she remembered. It was so little that the farmer in whose field she worked forgot about it too—till she reminded him three years ago, when she recognized him on the now defunct television show, *Place the Face*.

Gale can't live without her mother

"The same feeling of being needed works both ways," Gale insisted, and then readily admitted that in spite of her present success—she still can't get along without her mother!

Just the other day her husband, Lee Bonnell, phoned her excitedly from his insurance business. "We are having a convention in Jamaica in a couple of weeks," he told her.

"I'm so glad for you, darling," Gale cried out. "You go and I'll stay home

and take care of the children. Have fun!"

"Nothing doing," he insisted. "The last time we were separated I had a miserable time. Either we both go, or I'll stay home!"

Since they were unwilling to take the children out of school and have never left them with their servants, there was but one chance for Gale to go along.

"How about a trip to California, Mom?" she asked Mrs. Cottle via a long distance call to Houston, Texas.

"To see you?"

"To look after the children. . . ."

Ten days later Mrs. Cottle was on her way West. . . .

Mrs. Cottle isn't the only member of the family who is still essential to Gale. "I certainly couldn't get along without Lee. Aside from the fact that I absolutely adore him, there's the small fact that I know nothing about finances!" she grinned.

The following incident which occurred last summer is a typical example.

Gale rushed into the house about 5:30 on a Friday night. Before Lee even had a chance to kiss her hello, she exclaimed, "I saw the most beautiful table today!"

Lee seemed pleased. But he's also a businessman. "How much?"

"Forty dollars," Gale said, positively.

That didn't seem bad to Lee. In fact it sounded rather reasonable. But before he could say, "Why don't you order it?" Gale wondered, "Maybe it was four hundred. . . .?"

Lee's mouth dropped open. He should be used to this by now, but he isn't.

Gale changed her mind again. "No—it's forty! I'm sure it was forty. And I have the number of the store right here. Want me to order it?"

"Just to make sure, honey, why don't you ask them to reconfirm the price," Lee suggested.

After she was on the phone a few seconds, he could tell by the expression
(Continued on page 66)

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(Continued from page 64)

on his wife's face that she was about to revise her estimate once again. Holding one hand over the speaker she turned to Lee. "I guess it's four hundred after all. That's quite a bit, isn't it?"

"Enough for the two of us to think about it a little while," he agreed.

They did—and decided against it.

Gale can't live without her husband

It seems fantastic that Gale, who was recently named *Most Glamorous Business-Woman of the Year*, doesn't have the faintest idea if she makes \$500 a week, \$5,000, or exactly what her contract does call for. Here's an incident one of her closest friends swears is true:

Lee, the boys and Susanna were still at the breakfast table when Gale, late for work, rushed through the dining room, gave every one a quick hug and kiss and ran out of the house toward her car.

About a minute and a half later they heard her start her Cadillac, pull out of the carport—and come to a screeching halt. An array of doors flew open and shut again till Gale stood in front of her husband, hand stretched out like a first grader's, asking for her lunch money. "You forgot to give me my allowance, honey. . . ."

"I'm sorry," Lee agreed. "I did forget." With that he pulled some change out of his coat pocket and gave it to her. Two minutes later Gale was on her way to the Hal Roach Studio and another episode of *The Gale Storm Show*. . . .

Another day Gale decided to shop by herself for a garden party they had planned the following Saturday. Usually the cook takes care of the food—it was the first time in years Gale took over.

When she came home a couple of hours later she sat down on the couch and cried out, "I'm a terrible wife. I don't even know how to shop. If I keep it up I'll ruin us!"

"What are you talking about?" Lee wanted to know.

"Do you know how much I spent for the party?"

Lee figured a moment. "There are about twenty of us, I would say. . . ."

"Well, I might as well confess," she cut in. "Twenty dollars! *Twenty dollars!*"

"But you did a wonderful job! No one else could have done it for that amount!"

Gale had sincerely thought they were still getting along on about that much for a whole week—like they did when she and Lee were first married.

The most powerful influences

One of the strongest influences on Gale has been, is, and will undoubtedly continue to be her minister, the Rev. Dr. Cleveland Kleihauer of the Hollywood Beverly Christian Church.

Gale and Lee first went there in 1941, before they were married. Said Gale in telling why they joined that particular church, "It wasn't just a matter of convenience because we lived in the vicinity at the time. We shopped around for it like a lot of people look at houses and cars—except that to us it was more important than either."

They became so attached and so dependent on Dr. Kleihauer that even after they moved to Royal Oaks, over twenty miles away, they still attend services in Hollywood and go to him for advice.

The biggest crisis Gale and Lee have faced in their own relationship occurred about the time she expected their third child. While Gale was doing nowhere as well as she does now, Lee wasn't either in his line of work—and he was beginning to get worried that if she continued to be the main breadwinner, she might lose her respect for him.

One afternoon as they were taking a walk, Lee suddenly turned to Gale. "Would you mind giving up your career?"

It was posed as a question—but it sounded like a demand.

Anything for Lee

Gale hesitated for a moment, then agreed. "If that's what you want, Lee, I would give it up, yes."

The next morning Lee changed his mind. "As far as I'm concerned, you can go on with your career. . . ."

She looked at him, surprised. "I don't understand. . . .?"

"As long as you were willing to quit when I asked you, I don't mind if you go on with your work. . . ."

Gale still felt uneasy about it. If Lee's opposition occurred once, what would prevent it from springing up again, and again, and again. . . .

She took her problem to Dr. Kleihauer who agreed with Lee. "He wanted to prove something to himself as well as to

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you," the minister observed. "He's proved it. I don't think the problem will ever come up again."

Gale continued with her career. Lee never brought up the matter again.

When Gale's popularity grew to its present level with her work in television, they faced an entirely different problem. "What'll I do with the boys when they realize their mother is the same Gale Storm who appears on television screens all over the country?" she asked her minister. "It may go to their heads. . . ."

"It doesn't have to," Dr. Kleihauer insisted. "After all, their name isn't Storm. It's Bonnell. . . ."

Gale wasn't sure what he meant.

"They are enrolled at school as Bonnells, they make friends as Bonnells, they should no more trade on your professional name in school and with their friends than Lee does with his clients. . . ."

How well the boys have learned to accept that status was evident not long ago when three of them met a new boy who moved into the neighborhood.

"My dad owns a department store," the new boy explained.

Not to be outdone, eleven-year-old Paul—youngest of the Bonnell boys—popped out, "My mother is Gale Storm."

"Paul, let's take a little walk," his fifteen-year-old brother Phil urged.

Peter, twelve, helped drag him away.

"What's the big idea?" Paul protested.

"We just want a little talk with you."

Ten minutes later Paul faced his new

neighbor. "My mother is Gale Bonnell and my dad's in the insurance business. . . ."

"So in a way," Gale laughed when she related the incident, "I couldn't get along without the boys, either. They make sure that my career doesn't go to their heads—and they make sure it doesn't go to mine!"

One day Peter grew very upset after seeing Gale on the screen. "You ought'n have done it," he insisted when she kissed him good night.

"Done what?"

"Walked around like you did in tonight's episode—in a slip. It isn't right."

"But that's just make-believe," Gale defended herself. "It doesn't mean anything."

"Then why do you do it where a lot more people can see you?"

Gale thought about it, and decided Peter was right. Just how right she knew by all the letters she got, agreeing with him.

Lee's criticism—an asset

Lee's criticism of her performances is another great asset, Gale insists. Show-people are growing so used to compliments that unless someone dares voice an honest opinion—sometimes they don't get it till it's too late. Says Gale, "Lee won't always compliment me when he likes what I do, but he sure speaks up when I do something he doesn't care for!"

And then she truthfully admits, it took her a little getting-used-to, as she puts it.

The first time she wasn't sure about her performance, and asked Lee's opinion, he analyzed it as "Too broad. You over-acted dear. . . ."

Gale said nothing in reply. In fact she didn't say anything all evening!

"Why are you pouting?" he asked before they turned in that night.

"Who's pouting?" she cried out. And then she had to laugh. "I guess I am. But honestly, did you really think I played it too broad. . . .?"

"Really," he smiled. "Of course if you'd rather not have me criticize you, I'd be happy—"

"Oh, no. . . . I asked for criticism and I should be able to take it."

She does—now. And it's helped her immensely.

About six years ago, after Gale had left Universal-International, nothing, but absolutely nothing was happening to her career. She was offered a batch of poor scripts while the important parts were handed to other actresses. Television, at that time, was still concentrated in New York. It looked like the end of the line for Gale.

While she wouldn't have minded giving up her career as long as it was her choice, she felt differently about it when the cards were reversed. This grew constantly more apparent by a feeling of defeat and resentment that finally came to the breaking point when she and Lee had breakfast one morning. "I've had it," she exclaimed. "I might as well give up and get out my knitting. . . ."

She wasn't trying to be funny, either, because tears rolled down her cheeks when she said it.

Gently Lee took her hand into his. "You're trying too hard, honey. . . ."

She looked up at him. "What else can I do?"

"You are fighting too hard. Let go. Give God a chance to help you. . . ."

They were silent for a long time. "I guess you are right," she said at last. "Maybe if I just don't think about it, things will work out. . . ."

Three months later she got the first *My Little Margie* script which catapulted her to the top of the tv ladder.

Says Gale, "Now you'll know why I can never, never feel that I could have done it alone. . . ."

END

(Continued from page 39)

do it," said a neighbor. "If someone is too sick to carry out the garbage, shovel the snow, or take care of himself, Fabian volunteers to do it. If he sees an older person carrying a package two blocks away, he runs over and helps. There's nothing you can say bad about him."

Marcucci thought: *A swell kid like that, with such a handsome face and such a strong personality . . . would make a fine performer . . . I've got to find out if he can sing.*

At that time, Marcucci and his partner, Pete DeAngelis, had already launched another South Philadelphia boy successfully: Frankie Avalon. Now they were thinking of handling another-type boy . . . not cute and sweet like Frankie, but big, vital, strong, like Elvis and Ricky Nelson.

The next time Bob Marcucci saw Fabian on the street, he went up to him and said, "Pardon me, but has anybody ever told you that you look like Ricky Nelson?"

Fabian said, "Who's Ricky Nelson?"

"He's a singer, too," Marcucci reminded him.

"Yes . . . Guess so . . . But I don't keep up with the singers . . . Now if you ask me about sports. . . ."

"Can you sing?" Marcucci persisted.

"Never did sing," Fabian said.

"Want to sing?"

"I don't know . . . I like to play football . . . I'm still going to high school . . . I work at the drug store. . . ."

Marcucci went to see his friend Johnny again.

"I'd like to test that boy's voice; but he doesn't seem interested."

Johnny explained that the boy's father was still in the hospital, that his younger brother Robert was also sick. "Fabian's got plenty of problems."

"Try to get him to let me tape his voice . . . I've got to find out if he can sing!" Marcucci urged.

Johnny did his best but Fabian wasn't interested. Finally Marcucci went to Fabian's house and rang the doorbell.

That crazy man

Fabian had just come back from playing football, and he was still sweaty in his No. 40 uniform. When he saw Marcucci at the door, he called to his mother:

"Mom . . . that crazy man is here."

"What crazy man?"

"That man that wants to test my voice."

"Well, I know about him. He's a good friend of Johnny's. So be nice to him."

"All right."

"If he wants to hear you try to sing, let him . . . No harm."

"Okay."

Marcucci said, "Let's do it right now. You come with me. Don't bother to shower. Just change quickly."

Fabian changed quickly, couldn't find his shoes, put on bedroom slippers, and hurried out with Marcucci.

They went around the corner to Marcucci's house and Marcucci put a record on the phonograph of George Hamilton singing *Why Don't They Understand?*

"Listen to the record, and try to sing with it."

Fabian did, and Marcucci realized Fabian couldn't carry a melody.

"Well," said Fabian, "are you satisfied now that I can't sing?"

Marcucci agreed, but explained that just because he couldn't sing didn't mean he couldn't learn to sing.

"Here, don't give up so quickly," he told Fabian. "Take these four records home and listen to them as much as you

can . . . study them . . . then we'll talk."

Back at the house, Fabian borrowed a phonograph and spun the records. For a couple of weeks, every moment he could steal from his homework and his job at the drug store, he listened to those records. He tried to sing along with them.

Then Marcucci went over and had his first earnest talk with the parents, Dominick and Josephine.

The father, back from the hospital and recuperating, listened carefully.

"But what if you put all your money and time into training Fabian and he doesn't turn out to be a successful singer? What happens . . . ? You'll lose your investment," the mother worried.

"Don't you worry," said Marcucci; "we'll take that chance."

For a couple of months Marcucci wrestled with the problem of convincing the wavering Fabian and the worried parents that his scheme for training the non-musical Fabian was worth the effort.

Marcucci brought Fabian into the management firm he and Pete DeAngelis had

Anthony Quinn has this line in *The Black Orchid*: When Sophia Loren refuses to attend a movie because she's in mourning he says, "OK—so we'll see a sad picture."

Earl Wilson
in the New York Post

formed, and both of them concentrated on Fabian. DeAngelis got a vocal coach for Fabian and taught him songs. And then, at night, Marcucci dropped by the house, helped Fabian study his homework, and then went over the songs with him.

Meanwhile, Fabian was still working at the drug store three hours a night. After work he'd have to walk eight blocks to the vocal teacher's studio for lessons.

Many times, as he trudged down the street, with school books under his arm, on his way to the studio, he asked himself: *What am I doing trying to get into show business? Is this really for me? I can't sing, and I might as well admit it.*

But after a few weeks, he noticed that he was really singing better, and that he felt more comfortable about it.

Some of Marcucci's friends thought he was slightly mad to invest so much money, time and emotion into an unproven singer. But he'd tell them, "Maybe it's crazy what we're trying to do. But we want to see if we can create a singer . . . We want to take nothing and make something!"

Marcucci even re-shaped his protégé. He got him to lose fifteen pounds and get a different haircut. He arranged for drama and dance lessons.

Then he took him around to record hops when Frankie Avalon was appearing. He wanted Fabian to get the feel of show business; to soak in the atmosphere; to realize some of the problems; to understand that it is not all glamour . . . and to back out if he decided it wasn't worth it.

After 9:30 to 2:30 p.m. at school, Fabian usually took his books to Marcucci's office, studied when he could, worked on his songs, then rushed to the drug store.

Around March of 1958, his parents urged him to quit his drug store job. It was just too much. Fabian then had more time for music training.

His mother reminded him, "Once you're in this, do it well, and do it with all your heart . . . or drop it."

And he did it with all his heart, and slowly and reluctantly pulled out of the school extra-curriculum activities. The week-end dances were out; no time. His days with The Vikings football team were over; no time. After having held student

offices for years, he finally had to withdraw; no time.

His buddies at school, at first, were puzzled. They asked him, "How did you ever get involved in this?" . . . "How do you know you can make it as a singer?" . . . "You sure it's worth giving up all your fun?" . . . "We miss you on the soccer team." . . . "The football coach wants you to try out for the team . . . ?"

It wasn't easy withdrawing from this exciting teen world of sports and dances and dating, but Fabian did it. And, to his surprise, the fellows and the girls finally seemed to understand. Nobody got sore.

"The Fabulous Fabian"

His managers then laid out a promotion campaign for Fabian. He would be billed as *The Fabulous Fabian*. He would be called simply Fabian, and his last name would never be used. It was a gimmick to get attention, they explained.

Of course, they'd have to ask his friends and relatives not to give out his full name to reporters or strangers. It wouldn't be easy, but they'd try. It was a good gimmick and worth the try.

Then, toward the end of May, the big decision was made: to have Fabian cut his first record for Chancellor (distributed by ABC Paramount).

It was tense, finding the right songs and reassuring Fabian he was good enough to make his debut . . . but he disked *I'm In Love* and *Shivers* and the record was released.

Then his managers took a daring advertisement in the trade papers, showing Fabian's photo and the statement: *This is the fabulous Fabian. Destined to be America's Latest Recording Sensation!* Then it added: *Watch the amazing rise of the fabulous Fabian.*

It was presumptuous, and people in the recording trade snickered when they saw it . . . yet the ad was remarkably prophetic! Before the year was up, Fabian had indeed become the fabulous Fabian.

During the training period, Fabian was watched more closely than he suspected. His managers watched for personality and character defects that would have to be straightened out before he could go out and meet the public. But, to Marcucci's delight, Fabian was a sensible, straight-forward, down-to-earth lad of fifteen, with no attacks of temperament and no smart aleck qualities. He did as he was told by those he respected; he listened carefully to all suggestions; he had a powerful sense of duty; he took seriously everything that applied to singing; and clowned only when the job was over.

Marcucci couldn't have hoped for a nicer protégé.

Marcucci also noticed small things, like Fabian's greeting everyone cordially, insisting on hanging up their coats and taking their packages, remembering names, standing up when a lady entered the room, thanking everybody for any interest they showed in his career.

Packaging Fabian

With the singing coming along well, with his character and personality well defined, the next job was 'packaging' Fabian. Marcucci selected his stage wardrobe carefully: cotton, silk and burlap-style striped shirts, with blue and turquoise (Fabian's favorite color) in them; brightly colored sweaters with rolled collars, plunging neckline and detachable dickeys; and gray leather loafers.

For street wear, Fabian would continue wearing his conservative Ivy League clothes; but for personal appearances, he would come out in bright colors in keeping with his youth and personality.

Fabian was brought around to record hops, and Marcucci was delighted to see

how the fans were attracted magnetically to Fabian. Disk jockeys liked him at once, and gave his record a lot of spins. Dick Clark put him on the show, and drew a tremendous response.

Marcucci admits the first record was not good, but it served the purpose of introducing Fabian into national show business.

The next record, *Lilly Lou*, was better, but it wasn't a smash hit. Yet it didn't seem to matter. Fabian caused an uproar everywhere he appeared. He electrified his audiences.

He went on the road for four weeks during school vacation, and for the first time, he felt the surge of power. His feelings of inferiority started to fade as he saw fans screech and howl their love at him and clutch for autographs.

Magazines started to compare him to Ricky and to Elvis. Editors ordered scads of stories about him. A big talent agency, G.A.C., signed to book his appearances. His third record, *I'm a Man*, climbed up to the top forty on the best seller charts, and his fourth disk, *Turn Me Loose*, started big. He was booked on the Perry Como Show.

Several movie companies want him, but his managers are not in a hurry; they know Fabian is 'making it big' and can

pick his spots when he is ready.

A G.A.C. executive, Vic Jarmel, says, "Fabian is the exception to the rule that a young singer is made by a hit record. Fabian was accepted by teenagers before he had a strong record. They wanted him the instant they saw him or heard him. We at the agency know he'll be a great big star in the movies, too. It's inevitable."

When he became sixteen last February 6th, Fabian was playing before 6,000 people in Hershey, Pennsylvania, and the audience rose and cheered when the rest of the performers of the rock & roll show surprised Fabian with a huge birthday cake.

"This is the birthday of my life . . . I will never forget it," Fabian said, holding back the tears of happiness.

He has grown the past year to almost a full six feet. He has developed grace, and moves with a feline sensuality that has brought screams from fans: "You're a tiger!" His fan mail mounts to 2,000 or 3,000 on week ends alone.

A born gentleman

Yet the adulation has not undermined his instinctive good manners. When he did the Dick Clark Show in February, he was rushed out of the ABC Studios, with

tv makeup still on, to a waiting car that was to drive him to Newark airport, where a chartered plane was to fly him to 3,000 fans in Allentown, Pennsylvania.

But he said, "Oh . . . I forgot to thank Dick!" and raced back to the studios. He got to Allentown late; but he had done what was more important to him.

A bit after his birthday, Fabian received another thrill: winning the *Most Promising Male Vocalist* in Dick Clark's annual American Bandstand poll, beating out more experienced singers who've had more hit records.

When he crawls into bed at night, tired but happy after a rousing performance before big crowds, he says his prayers, and then wonders at the miracle of his sixteenth year.

He was a kid around the block at fifteen, and a star singer at sixteen.

He started the year as a nobody, and wound up a somebody.

He started the year positive he could not sing, and ended being acclaimed a singing star.

And faith did it: Marcucci's faith in his potential, his own faith in himself, his parents' faith that the effort was worth it.

Yes, the year between a fifteenth and a sixteenth birthday can be a lifetime! **END**

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AMBER

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Debbie Tells All

(Continued from page 34)

and subsequent notoriety?

A. Yes, there was a great deal of publicity caused by this new interest.

Q. Their pictures appeared in the paper together?

A. Yes.

Q. And does this apparently continue down to the present time?

A. Yes.

Q. What, briefly, did he say to you in this respect?

A. That he wished a divorce.

Q. What effect, Mrs. Fisher, has this course of conduct on the part of your husband had upon you?

A. Well, to say the least, I was very distressed. . . .

He upset his wife . . .

Since the law requires a witness, Debbie's longtime friend, Camille Williams, then took the stand to confirm that the actions of Eddie Fisher made his wife very much upset and that Debbie tried to hold their marriage together for the sake of their children.

Less than five minutes after it all started, the judge said with finality, "Divorce is granted."

It was all over. Under California law, the divorce would not be complete for a year—presumably so husband and wife might have a chance to reconsider. But Debbie knew there was no chance of reconsideration. She knew that a very important phase of her life had ended with the judge's three words.

She had to face a new life—and face it alone. She had no fears; she had been

meeting challenges since she was a small girl. But how would her friends and fellow workers react? There were headlines everywhere:

DEBBIE DIVORCES FISHER;
WINS MILLION SETTLEMENT
MINCES NO WORDS ABOUT ROLE
AS LOSER IN LOVE TRIANGLE

As she walked toward the set of her movie, she wondered what they would think, what they would say. She didn't want their pity. Still, the situation had been too recent and too painful to kid about.

The first person she met was her co-star, Bing Crosby. He took a pipe out of his mouth, flashed the famous Crosby grin and asked, "What's new?"

Debbie laughed and walked toward her dressing room. Her other co-star, Bob Wagner, stuck his head out of his room and cracked, "Hi, Deb! Anything new?"

She knew everything was going to be all right. . . .

Debbie told me: "I must say that the reporters were wonderful to me. I really dreaded what might have happened. But they made it really easy: I could sense their feeling of kindness."

With Debbie's usual thoughtfulness, she had asked the publicity man on the picture for the names of the reporters who covered the divorce.

What were her personal feelings, now that it was all over? She expressed them with an openness that seemed sincere:

"I'm not bitter about them (Eddie and Liz). Not the least bit. I wish them every happiness, just as I want my own life to be happy."

"I'm glad that the whole thing is over now. We can start to build our own lives anew. There is a note of finality to a divorce. Now the book is closed and locked."

"I haven't forgotten what is in the book, because it meant too much to me at the time. But a year from now—when the divorce is final—I'll throw away both the book and the key. And then the chapter will be ended."

She talked a great deal about happiness, and this is a recurrent theme with Debbie. Her whole life has seemed to revolve around that word. Her early years were filled with the joy of family, of friendship, of religion. Life was a happy game, and she always appeared to be the winner.

A star is born

The most fabled example was her very introduction to the show world. That was the talent contest in Burbank which she entered as a lark, mouthing the action to Betty Hutton's record of *The Rocking Horse Ran Away*. A Warner Brothers talent scout saw her and she was signed to a contract.

As we were talking, it happened that James Garner appeared on the set. He was making some publicity photos with Bing for a tv spectacular they were doing together, and he dropped in to Debbie's dressing room. ("He's a terrific talent," she remarked to me as Jim approached.)

"Howdy, ma'am," Garner said in his best Maverick tones.

"Mighty pleased to make your acquaintance," Debbie answered in kind.

But they soon dropped the dialect (Debbie confessed she was born in Texas) and started talking about business—the acting business. And Debbie recalled her own experience with Jim's present employer.

"I did one picture," she said, "and I was making a fast \$65 a week. My option came up and I was supposed to get a raise to \$75 a week. They didn't figure I was worth it, so they let me go."

Jim smiled knowingly and told of his

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Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE MILLIE PERKINS:

- ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her

I LIKE DEAN STOCKWELL:

- ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely
☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all

2. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

- ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely
☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all

3. I LIKE JUDI MEREDITH:

- ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely
☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all

4. I LIKE TONY PERKINS:

- ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely
☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all

5. I LIKE FABIAN:

- ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely

- ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all

6. I LIKE GALE STORM:

- ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely
☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all

7. I LIKE HUGH O'BRIAN:

- ☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely
☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all

(see other side)

own contract problems with the studio. Realizing his great popularity, the bosses wanted him to sign a new deal which would give him more money but continue his contract for a longer period. He doesn't see it that way. So he has simply refused to talk about a new deal. "And that really bugs them," he laughed.

Debbie cited her own example with MGM: "I came to the conclusion that the only way to solve your problem is to tell them you just don't want to work any more. That's what I did, and it was the only thing they understood. That's how I got my freedom."

Lost in the shuffle

It was news to me that Debbie was free from MGM. After Garner left, she commented that many people didn't know it—the news got lost in the shuffle, and understandably so.

Then Debbie revealed—for the first time to any reporter—the focal point in the whole Reynolds-Fisher-Taylor story.

"I was involved in negotiations just at the time Eddie went east in September," she said. "Otherwise I would have gone with him. It was simply to be a business trip and he would be gone only four days." *If she had not been involved in the contract negotiations, she would have gone to New York with Eddie, and the rendezvous with Liz would never have happened.*

Eddie and Debbie have two completely differing comments on their marriage.

Says Eddie: "Everybody knew our marriage was on the rocks before I went to New York. We hadn't been getting along at all. We even talked about a separation but stayed together after we found out we were having another baby." Says Debbie: "As far as I was con-

cerned, our marriage was a happy one. We had had our troubles, but we were working them out. Believe me, I wasn't being blind. I don't just throw away four years of my life for nothing."

But the hurt is over, to hear her tell it. "Sure, I was angry once, but that is over with. Lasting anger doesn't do anyone any good. If you are angry, it should flare up and then pass over. To remain bitter is silly.

"I was unhappy for a while, but now I'm happy again. I've been happy most of my life. I enjoyed my career. I enjoyed my married life. And I'm happy now. I've got exactly what I need to keep me happy.

Debbie's greatest loves

"First of all, I've got my children, whom I adore. Every moment I've got when I'm not working, I like to spend with them. I get so I resent it when I have to leave them.

"And then I have my career. It has always been a great source of satisfaction to me, and it's especially good for me now. I think it's good to have so many pictures lined up to keep me busy."

"*The Rat Race* is my first real drama," she said, "and I want to prepare for that one. It has been easy for me to do comedies and musicals, because I am naturally light-hearted. But I can't go on doing the same kind of picture. I've got to get into something more dramatic."

This sounded like a long-range view of her career, and she admitted that she saw it that way. This would belie the common belief that the divorce settlement had made her independently wealthy.

"Some settlement!" she exclaimed, with the only touch of bitterness I saw her display. "Most of it was mine. I was very amused by that million-dollar figure. A

million dollars over forty years, maybe. That's the only way it could be. Why would I work so hard if I didn't have to?" And has to, she does.

Expenses Debbie has to carry

That \$100,000 home she got came with a \$60,000 mortgage, and Debbie has to make all the payments herself out of the alimony. And the alimony will just meet these payments.

I hazarded a guess that she'd never be happy not working. This was an error.

"You couldn't be more wrong," she corrected. "At one point when I was married to Eddie, I was just about ready to retire. I didn't work for about two and a half years, and I didn't miss it at all. I was perfectly happy as I was."

This might mean, then, that there will be another man in her future. She carefully sidestepped the issue.

"People have asked me if I'll start dating now," she said. "Right now, I couldn't care less. I'm working so hard, I don't have the strength to date. I'm finishing this picture and having wardrobe fittings for my next one during my lunch hour and after work. On the week ends, I record songs for my new albums on the Dot label. What spare time I have left over, I like to spend with the children."

Yes, she's happy now. Happy that her career is zooming skyward and that a frantic schedule and two lovely children help her to forget. But the time will come when a man will appear, and she will realize that her life is not fulfilled without him.

And we hope, Debbie, that that time will come soon. **END**

Debbie is appearing in *SAY ONE FOR ME* for 20th-Fox and will soon appear in MGM's *IT STARTED WITH A KISS*.

8. I LIKE TUESDAY WELD:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

9. I LIKE ROCK HUDSON:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

10. I LIKE DIANE VARS:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

11. I LIKE TOMMY SANDS:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

12. I READ: ☐ 1 all of LOUELLA PARSONS ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 completely
☐ 2 fairly well ☐ 3 very little ☐ 4 not at all

13. I READ: ☐ 1 all of UNDER 21

☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 completely
☐ 2 fairly well ☐ 3 very little ☐ 4 not at all

14. I READ: ☐ 1 all of THE INSIDE STORY ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 completely
☐ 2 fairly well ☐ 3 very little ☐ 4 not at all

15. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE

(1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE

(2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE

(3) _____ FEMALE

AGE NAME

ADDRESS STREET

CITY ZONE STATE

(Continued from page 37)

She was in a state of shock for a long while. I tried to talk her into going to the police, but she was too ashamed even to tell her parents about it. Years later I understood her feelings—but not then.

I don't know what ever became of the girl. One day she was simply missing from school and I never heard from her again. Even her parents kept a mysterious silence when I called—

The first warning that no girl is immune from this type of threat came to me shortly after I first arrived in Los Angeles.

It had just gotten dark as I was driving down Wilshire Boulevard to Beverly Hills. I turned into the alley to reach the parking place near my agent's office when I noticed a car inch up behind me. When I stopped, it stopped. But no one got out.

For a moment I was undecided, then I threw open the door and dashed across the lot toward the rear entrance of the building.

The man got out of his car the instant I jumped out of mine. Before I had run twenty feet, he had caught up with me.

I let out a scream—but the alley seemed deserted.

Just as he grabbed my arm I heard footsteps. Apparently he did too, for he abruptly let go of me, ran back to his car—and tore away.

Moments later I heard my agent's voice. "Are you all right, Judi?"

I had to stop sobbing before I could answer him. I hate to think what might have happened had he waited for me in his office, as I had presumed he would.

Human nature is peculiar. I forgot about the incident soon enough, and every time I kept reading in the paper about another girl who was accosted, I pitied her in a sort of distant, almost disinterested manner. *Poor kid, I would think, you shouldn't have been where you were.*

And then I found out first hand that it can happen right in your own home. . . .

Isolated house

A few months ago my sister and I moved into a house about twenty-five minutes from Hollywood. She and her children occupied the main building, while I fixed up the tiny garage apartment for myself.

A couple of my friends pointed out to me how isolated it was, but I wouldn't listen. First of all I had my sister close by, although the driveway and a walk separated our buildings. Secondly, it was the only place I could find—and afford—which permitted pets and children. And she had both. Still, to be perfectly honest, I was a little frightened from the very beginning about the long drive back from town, and the quietness and isolation of the place.

One night—about three weeks after we moved in—my sister and her children went out to visit friends.

I just came out of the shower and had only a towel wrapped around me when I heard footsteps approach.

At first I wasn't worried. I thought my sister had come back. But then I realized they sounded too heavy for her. Before I could rush across the room to flip the doorlock—he had burst into the room.

He was about sixty years old—strong, brutal, balding, threatening. His sheepish grin sent goosebumps down my spine. There a stubble of grey hair on his face. And his hands, big and clumsy, were covered with hair.

"Hello," he said, almost softly.

I was paralyzed with fear. I wanted to scream, and I couldn't. I wasn't even

able to move. I just stood there frozen! "Hello, young lady," he repeated.

I tugged my towel more tightly, fearing he'd rush over and grab me.

"What do you want?" I burst out.

He took a step closer. "Just paying a friendly visit. Don't be frightened. . . ."

For some unexplainable reason, I suddenly became calm. As long as I can talk, I reasoned, *maybe I can stall him. I must think of something.*

The nightmare closes in

"Who are you?" I asked, trying to sound casual though my voice must have vibrated with fear.

Again that sheepish grin. This time I

What famous actress' real name is Tula Finklea?

What outstanding actress never wears make-up?

What famous actor is an expert trapeze artist?

*

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noticed his yellow, decaying teeth, and the space—in front—where three were missing. "I work near here, in the gasoline station," he explained, almost like this was really just a friendly social call.

Stall for time, Judi, I told myself. Stall—stall—stall!

"I haven't seen you before," I said out loud.

"Well I've seen you. I've watched you often," he grinned. "I know just when you come in and when you leave every day . . ." and then he came closer.

My composure lessened by the moment. "Please leave . . ." I begged. And thinking for a reason, "I'm busy—honestly—"

It was a stupid argument, but there was nothing else I could think of. If only my

sister were in. Or the neighbors. But even if they were, I was afraid, I might force him into action if I screamed. *Keep stalling, I told myself. Keep him at a distance.*

"I've got to call my agent," I exclaimed.

He looked puzzled. "At this time of night?" And then he took still another step closer as I picked up the receiver.

"I always call him at this time," I insisted, and with a shaking hand dialed his number.

It seemed to take forever for him to answer, while the intruder just stood there, watching. At last I heard my agent's voice.

"I just wanted to tell you that I didn't keep the appointment today," I blurted out.

"What appointment?" he cried out. He knew as well as I did that I had none. "You know," I persisted, "at Twentieth. . . ."

"Judi, what on earth are you talking about? Is anything wrong?"

Is anything wrong? *Here I am, I thought, desperately frightened and furious that he couldn't understand, wrapped only in a towel, with a lecherous ape of a guy threatening me and he wants to know if there is anything wrong!* How I wanted to tell him, but I couldn't think how. So I kept talking—nonsense, silly things, while the man kept staring at me and my agent became more confused by the minute.

And then I finally ran out of things to say and was near tears, because I was so afraid of what would happen if I hung up. "I'll see you soon?" I begged, hoping—praying he would somehow realize the desperate position I was in. But he gave no indication of it. "Sure, Judi," he promised. "I'll call you tomorrow. . . ."

Warning to girls

When I hung up I couldn't control my tears any longer. "Leave . . ." I whimpered. "Please . . . leave me alone. . . ."

After that everything went so fast I can hardly recall how it happened. All of a sudden the lights were out, he rushed over to grab me, I screeched—and he slapped my face. By then I'd lost my power of reasoning, and it was a good thing I did!

"Get out!" I yelled. "Get out or I'll kill you. . . ."

I could only see the outline of his figure as he pulled back. His voice was cold, and threatening. "Okay," he hissed. "But I'll be back! You just wait and see. I'll be back!"

And then he ran out of the house.

I remembered to bolt the door before I threw myself on my bed and started to sob, uncontrollably, hysterically.

In about ten minutes I calmed down, washed my face with cold water—and tried to think.

My first impulse was to call the police. But then I reasoned nothing really had happened to me, except for being slapped. I was too ashamed to call, and I didn't cherish the idea of the publicity involved.

I could just see the headlines in front of my eyes. JUDI MEREDITH VICIOUSLY ATTACKED BY UNKNOWN ASSAILANT! I feared what my friends and family would think. . . .

Instead, I took the easy way out. I talked my sister into moving away from the house and the neighborhood.

Why am I confessing the story now? Because now I know I was wrong. If I'd called, maybe they could have caught the man—who might well have forced his attentions on another girl by now. And also, because I hope that by admitting what happened to me, other girls, who find themselves in the same position, will have more sense than I had, and not hesitate to notify the authorities. And finally, because I hope it'll serve as a warning to girls living alone to be as careful and cautious as they know how.

END

take
the
fun
-road

sea nymph

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if you are
UNDER

DR. EDITH HEAD

21

and your clothes make you look sick...

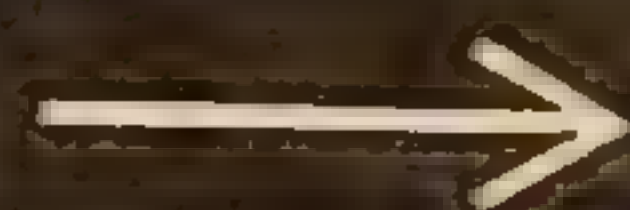


DEAR EDITOR:

I look just awful and I don't understand it! I got a job after school in the bakery so I could have money for clothes. But I'm thinking of quitting because it doesn't do me a bit of good. I have some really swinging dresses and my closets look like a fancy store window. But when I put anything on me, I look sick! I have a good figure, not great but not bad either; my face is nice enough, not world-shaking but okay. So how can I look so rotten in beautiful clothes? I don't know, but I sure do. When I go on a date, I can just see everyone staring and laughing at me. When I get dressed, I just haven't a thing to wear. Mama shouts that I have enough junk to outfit half of China. But what good is it if it all looks sick on me?

Carol

MICHIGAN



if you are **UNDER
21**

and your clothes make you look sick...

SEE THE DRESS DOCTOR

RX

TUESDAY WELD:

Perfect in pastel colors to highlight her flower look. Very feminine, young styles. Underscore small waist with color contrast to pastel dresses, such as black velvet ribbon ties. Light colors dramatize fair hair and dark touches echo her brown eyes.

RX

MILLIE PERKINS

Wears effectively extreme fashions in spite of youth, because of her slimness and height. Vivid coloring and dramatic tone of her poster look are intensely spotlighted by understating color. Outstanding in the crisp black and white look.

RX

LIZ TAYLOR:

Highly sophisticated in youthful fashions. Regal jewelry and rich fabrics mark her extravagant look. Excellent in extreme designs in very feminine, glamorous mood. Clear, brilliant gem colors are perfect dramatic foil for her intense dark hair.

RX

CONNIE STEVENS:

Best in crisp, gay clothes. Has a scrubbed look, intensified by white accents on bright, youthful dresses. High necklines, tight bodices, and wide belts draw emphasis to tiny waistline. Also excellent are full, bouffant skirts that camouflage full hips.

RX

CARROLL BAKER:

Needs extreme simplicity in lines of clothes. Best in lowered waistlines and very youthful yet sophisticated styles. Delicate look and coloring require minimum of dress detail, accessories and jewelry. Right in fair, pastel colors, never wear blacks.

RX

DOLORES HART:

Ideal in fresh, young styles but in the tailored look in everything from sportswear to evening clothes. Never ruffles or unnecessary decoration; minimum trims and jewelry. Fair coloring is perfect in light, neutral colors, beiges.



DEAR CAROL:

Sacks of vitamins, sticky tonics, and bitter medicines can be bought at the corner drug-store when *you* feel icky. But when clothes make you *look* sick, Carol, you need a fashion prescription!

It's not a rare disease. Like flu, *everyone* catches the wardrobe virus some time, often while Under 21. Even glamorous actresses are not immune. Susan Kohner had a bad case not long ago that came to a head at an elegant luncheon.

Laughter and chatter bounced about the sunny room as Susan entered. Then suddenly the hostess stopped pouring coffee and just stared. Conversation froze as everyone seemed to watch Susan try to slip into the wallpaper. It had happened again... Like last time...

Unhappy hours later, she stood downcast in the office of Edith Head, fashion designer for Paramount Pictures. "It's a brand new suit," Susan murmured. "But I just look sick!" Miss Head, member of *Under 21's* (continued on page 75)

The Dress Doctor, by Edith Head and Jane Kesner Ardmore, was recently published by Little, Brown.

Susan Kohner is currently appearing in the Universal-International production of *Imitation of Life*.



Very smart in beige tweed of cotton and rayon, Susan wears the same Lanz Originals suit, \$34. Her all-white accessories: leather pouch bag, \$8, by Kadin Bros., slim calf pumps, \$12, by Velvet Step; straw hat by Richard Englander; pearls by Coro; seamless "blonde" hosiery, \$1.50, by Hanes.

BAD

GOOD

MEDICINE



Advisory Board and the author of *The Dress Doctor*, listened in silence as Susan described the symptoms of her misery, as shown at the left.

Then the dress doctor whipped into action. Discarding the full petticoats, she ripped away the mountainous jewelry and accessories. Susan emerged in the same clothes, at right, now chic. "Your clothes are lovely," declared Dr. Head. "But you just wear them improperly!" Neat accessories and fewer of them

transformed a sloppy little girl into a smart young lady . . .

Nobody can dress haphazardly and well; stars dress by plan *not* by impulse. Some prescriptions pinned on the opposite page illustrate major fashion-personality types. What's *yours*?

Visualize fluffy Tuesday in one of Liz's languid gowns. Ridiculous. Or picture tailored Dolores in Connie's bouffant dresses. Silly. Get the idea? Each is a type; she knows it; and she

dresses to make the most of it. *That's* the true clue, Carol!

Don't dress a fashion image! Find and dress *your* type!

If you are one of the rare types analyzed opposite, follow a star's lead in dress. And *stick* with it. The minute you desert *your type* you are liable to look terrible! Most teenagers are classic types like Susan, diagnosed as over-dressed! (continued on page 76)

if you are UNDER 21

and your clothes

Susan's fashion diet was restricted to pale, muted colors built around large helpings of pure white to accent her dark coloring. Susan's prescription: a wardrobe both simple and elegant. Here is how it was achieved:

Susan's staple *dress* is the basic shirtdress, shown on this page in her best color: stark white. Its full, soft skirt emphasizes her slim waistline. *Suits* were prescribed in the feminine short jacket and full skirt combination, waist accented by wide belting, shown on previous page. A more tailored look is the slim knit suit, opposite, trimmed in Susan's best tonic: white. For *dates*, the full skirted look, neither in a babydoll pastel or heavy color. Stripes, plus solid relief as shown opposite, are ideal. Scooped neckline is perfect with her long hair. Short sleeves are preferable to a sleeveless look which would broaden her wide shoulders. For *sport*, again it's that wonderful all-white look against a tan. Either shorts or long pants are good, but only in solids. Edith Head declares that print pants look ridiculous on anybody out of kindergarten. This outfit is smart yet ideal for sport; no denims needed here! The *school* dress retains the essence of Susan's prescription: scooped neck, full skirt, tailored trim, muted color.

Vitamins, tonics, medicines . . . it's easier to cure a cold than a fashion virus. But you too will stop looking sick, Carol, if you adapt your *own* prescription from the stars' dress doctor.

Maxine

A masterpiece painted all in whites, Susan wears a crisp cotton shirtdress by Mr. Mort, with a touch of the palette in multicolored French ribboned bodice, at \$35. Seamless stockings are "barely white," \$1.50, by Hanes.

*make you
look sick...*

SIMPLICITY IS GOOD MEDICINE



Above, suitably suited for summer, Susan wears a gold toned cotton knit outfit with wide sailor collar and pockets piped in white edging, \$12, by Smartee. Hose of "sheer gold," \$1.50, by Hanes; gold link jewelry by Coro; calf pumps, \$12, by Velvet Step; straw skimmer by Richard Englander.



Right, answers to a quiz seem easier in this smart school dress of delicately printed cotton, with scooped neckline and hearts and lace embroidery trim. \$15 by Gay Gibson. Petticoat, \$8, by Schiller.



Right, date dress in pique spreads full skirt of horizontal stripes below a dark scooped and buttoned bodice, \$20, by Tailored Junior. Patent accents are picked up by slim heel pumps, \$12, by Velvet Step, and large bag, \$8, by Kadin Bros. Pearls by Coro; hosiery is "caribee," \$1.50, by Hanes; ruffled nylon petticoat, \$8, by Schiller Bros.

Right, quite sporty yet very handsome is this all-white outfit.

Tapered knit pants, \$9, and novelty weave knitted top, \$4, both by Smartee. White leather sandals with gold nailhead trim, \$4, by Trios. Natural straw hat by R. Englander.



if you are UNDER
21

Just Shout for Help...

ADVISORY BOARD

When you write to us about a problem, we'll get the answers from these real authorities. These outstanding Hollywood experts, who make up the Under 21 Advisory Board, have the answers for the stars . . . And they have the answers to solve your problems too!

EDITH HEAD

Fashion Designer for Paramount Pictures

HELEN HUNT

Hair Stylist of Columbia Pictures

BEN BARD

Director of New Talent at Twentieth Century-Fox

GORDON BAU

Head of Makeup Department of Warner Brothers

FRANKIE VAN

Figure Consultant for Universal-International

PAULINE KESSINGER

Commissary Director at Paramount Pictures

PAT McNALLEY

Head of Makeup Department at Walt Disney

DEAR EDITOR:

When I walk down the street, I look like I am balancing on a pair of balloons. My problem is my ankles. The rest of me is okay but my ankles are bulging, thick, and just plain fat! My father told me to exercise them and I tried but nothing happened. Could you please tell me what to do because they look awful. Especially in flats and I can't wear heels to high school so I'm terribly self conscious about them. Please help me.

SYLVIA—CONNECTICUT

DEAR SYLVIA:

Blowing up a pair of balloons takes just a minute, but if they are made of muscle and flesh it takes quite a while to deflate them. So don't expect any overnight miracles from any exercises. Fat ankles are usually caused by poor circulation. As a result, your ankles must be exercised constantly to stimulate the blood to carry off the fat. Frankie Van says: "There are many ways to reduce ankles but here is one that has benefited many of our beautiful stars at Universal. Using a chair for balance, put your feet together and rise up on toes and squat in a sitting position with your back straight. Then rise and return to starting position. In a fast beat, this should



be done 15 times a day for the first week and gradually increased to 50 exercises each day." Grab a chair and get started, Sylvia, and you can let the air out of your ankles and burst those balloons with exercise . . .

DEAR EDITOR:

I have a spark burning inside me that tells me to look to you for information about acting. I am in a play at school called *Pajama Party* and have also been

in others and had some leads. My friends and teachers say I have acting ability and that I look like Liz Taylor. I am proportioned pretty well for my weight: 36-24-38. I *could* lose weight for a real purpose. I am fifteen and have dark hair and I would like to know how to prepare myself for acting. Please help me fulfill my ambition on earth. I *do* feel I have ability. I get average grades in school, but I'm too young to go to college. I want to know if a good actor can become a star *without* taking classes or going to college.

RENEE—UTAH

DEAR RENEE:

"I do not believe that actors are born anymore than doctors are born. There are fundamentals to learn and only a competent coach can teach them. This cannot be done by telephone. It cannot be done by reading a text book. It cannot be done without work." So declares Ben Bard in response to your letter, Renee, answering your question with an echoing "no!" Mr. Bard hastens to point out that more than half of the recognized good actors are *still* going to classes and will continue to study as long as they are in show business. As for your other problems, Renee, you'd

better take a good look at yourself . . . You cite measurements which are considerably padded for an aspiring actress and then declare that you "could lose weight for a *real* purpose." Well, if acting isn't a real purpose, then forget about it; but if it is important to you, then get started now trimming that profile . . . As far as calling quits on your education is concerned: *don't!* "Whatever you do, don't give up your education!" commands Mr. Bard. Sure, go ahead and take all the drama and acting classes you can, but make them a *part* of your education and not a *substitute* for it! And when you get into drama classes, make the most of them. Listen to criticism first instead of the compliments that you want to hear. As Mr. Bard explains, "Phony compliments are destructive; genuine applause from a really critical audience, such as one that has paid admission, is the only way to measure your progress." You can progress, you see, Renee, when you start treating this whole acting idea sensibly and planning your career in advance, just especially for you. You say that you look like Elizabeth Taylor but your career will be successful only when you look just like yourself . . .

DEAR EDITOR:

My problem is freckles. Since I am eighteen years old, I'm sure they won't go away, so I try to hide them successfully. I know what you are going to say: "freckles are cute, freckles are attractive," etc. Well, I just *hate* them! I have tried powder, pancake, liquid make-up, all varieties. My problem is that I can't find anything that will hide them decently and I look just wretched. Please, what do you suggest to help me?

JEAN—CONNECTICUT

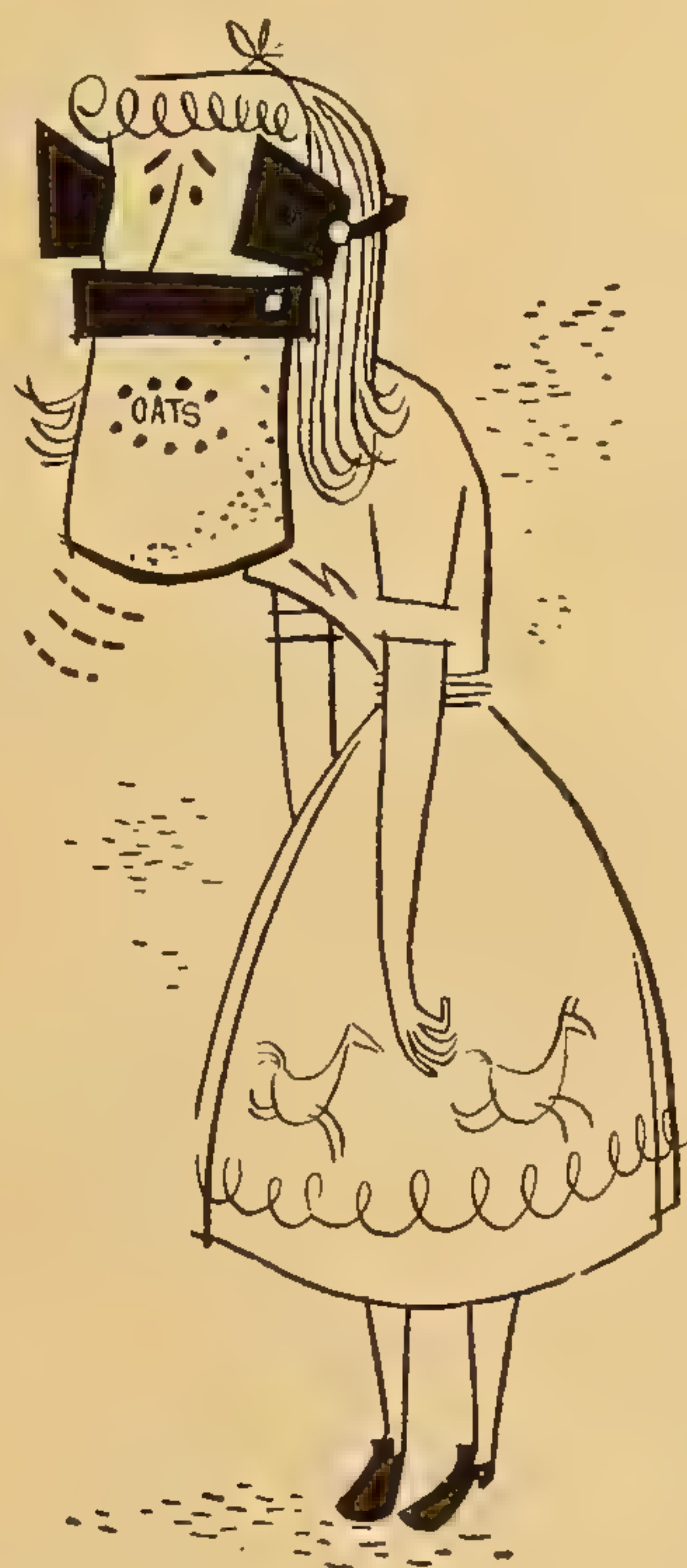
DEAR JEAN:

You sound terribly dejected for a girl in the midst of such elite company. Debbie Reynolds, Doris Day, Molly Bee and Katherine Hepburn are just a few of the Hollywood stars who *boast* liberal sprinklings of freckles. They don't even *try* to hide them. Pat McNalley explains that "there are many so-called freckle removers on the market which have helped some with this problem, but in cases where they don't help and make-up fails to cover the freckles satisfactorily,

there remain but two alternatives: either consult a dermatologist for surgical treatment, or learn to live with them." Discarding the first suggestion as drastic, expensive, and unnecessary, the remaining idea is just to accept them. Okay, Jean, you don't have to dig that "freckles are cute" jazz. But they can become attractive if you treat them as an asset. Mr. McNalley cites Janet Munro, who can be seen in Walt Disney's *Darby O'Gill and the Little People*. Janet has buckets of freckles "that we permitted to be seen on the screen . . ." Perhaps that's your answer, Jean, you should "permit them to be seen." Not those trite little 'cute' spots but a part of your appearance that you have in common with a whole stack of leading stars. Those freckles are your beauty marks . . .

DEAR EDITOR:

I have a long face and a long nose and I look very horsey because of it. I should



like to find out how to wear my hair because it now seems to draw attention to my face and makes it all seem even longer. I do not wear a part in my hair now. Could you tell me what style would suit me best?

BARBARA—PENNSYLVANIA

DEAR BARBARA:

Put the bridle and harness away and grab a pair of scissors. No need for your pony problem. Helen Hunt suggests that you wear bangs, "preferably ones that are a bit irregular to break

the straight vertical lines of your face and nose with a horizontal sweep." She suggests that you try the styling worn by Sandra Dee in *Gidget*. This cut is young and gay but has the bang feature that Miss Hunt feels would improve your appearance. But take care, Barbara, and don't cut severe bangs or you'll create a square shape that'll make you seem like a real cube. . . .

DEAR EDITOR:

I don't sit around and eat candy and potato chips all the time. Actually, I don't eat too many sweets at all. I've gone on diets and have even taken pills that the doctor gave me. But my problem is that I am simply too fat! And I *can't* stay on a strict diet because I go to school. I eat in the cafeteria or I bring a bag of sandwiches, but either way I put on weight. Don't you think I was just *born* to be fat?

TERRI—KENTUCKY

DEAR TERRI:

School lunches are a bit of a pain, especially if you are counting calories. But they can be managed, if you are clever about them. Beware of that cafeteria trap: the long rows of pungent stews, spicy pies, juicy sandwiches. Run, don't walk, Terri, to the other end of the counter and fill your tray with fruit, salad, crackers, soup. Stick with any of the low calorie lunches that you can eat *without* the impossibly fattening salad dressings or cream sauces that make cafeteria food sudden death to dieters. If you bring your lunch, fill that brown paper bag with containers of cottage cheese, jello, fruit, or salad, and tuck in stalks of celery, chunks of apple, slabs of cheese. It's really quite a challenge trying to avoid the lunchtime calories and keep your waist trim. Just keep one thing in mind, Terri: some people *were* born to watch their weight, to count calories, to plan meals; but nobody was ever *born* to be fat . . .

Something still bothering you? Hollywood's top authorities will find the answers for you, if you write to:

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Modern Screen
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PERSONAL & MISCELLANEOUS

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Tony Perkins

(Continued from page 37)

with a torn striped awning, a pink neon sign in its window flashing—*Miss Lotus Leaf Now A-Peeling*. Sassy snatches of trombone jazz echoed out onto the street. It was the music that made me stop. I listened and looked up to the dark sky, a black blanket without stars or moon. Then I put my face up against the window, clouded with cigarette smoke and steamy with moisture from the clubroom's heat, but I couldn't see much except a bar. The big show was in the back, and the back room was draped off.

I've never been one for nightclubs. I don't drink or smoke. But the music held me. So I stood there, listening to that unseen trombonist blow sweet and mellow notes from his horn. The sound reminded me of Glenn Miller's, gentle and effortless.

But before I knew it, there was a gang of young guys—four of them—huddled around me. All of them were in their teens. One of them with a very cocky manner, his cap was tipped to the side, his coal black hair falling over his forehead, seemed to be the leader. He snapped at me.

"Hey, buddy," he sneered, "ain't you a little cold with only a raincoat?"

I don't like to wear overcoats—they're so bulky and uncomfortable. I always wear raincoats, even in the dead of winter, but I bundle up with sweaters and woolen scarves underneath.

"No," I answered back. "What about yourself?" He and his pals were dressed in dark leather jackets and Levis.

"What's it to you?" he snarled.

"Hey, man," another of the guys called out. He was over six feet tall, skinny and blond, without a cap. "You," he pointed at me. "You're Tony Perkins."

I didn't know what I should say.

"Yeah," the leader said, cocking his hat more to the side. "You're right. I never thought of it. It's him."

A dangerous walk

The thin blond-haired guy who recognized me piped up, "What're you doin', man, around this part of town?"

"Just walking, that's all," I said.

"Buddy," a third guy, with a chunky build, yelled out, "if I were you, I'd pick safer parts of town to walk around in!"

They all started to laugh.

"Hey, Perkins," the tall fellow said, throwing his head back in a funny way. "What's Sophia Loren like? Is she really stacked?"

The leader interrupted, "I bet you have a ball out there in Hollywood with all those dames."

This was a safe territory for conversation: women. So I told them about Sophia Loren and Silvana Mangano and Audrey Hepburn. The chunky guy wanted to know if we got a chance to practice-kiss.

It was getting cold, standing there, so I suggested we walk a little to keep warm. Suddenly one of the fellows, one who hadn't said anything before, muttered, "Aw, come on, you guys! Knock it off!" His speech was thick, and from the way his eyes looked, I could tell he was drunk. "Let's move," he said. "It's getting late, and the guy'll close up the store before we get there." He reached into his back pocket and grabbed a piece of taped pipe, about a foot long. With half-closed eyes, he fiddled with the length of pipe and tapped his foot against the pavement.

"Well," he said impatiently. "What do y'say? Are we or aren't we?"

The blackhaired leader looked at me. "Okay, Tony Perkins," he said. "If I were

you, I'd take off. Now. This minute."

I didn't know what to do. I knew they were looking for trouble, but what? Vandalism? A holdup? A fight?

I knew I was in the midst of an awful predicament and yet a morbid curiosity made me want to know what it was.

Hesitantly, I said, "What's . . . what's going on?"

"What is it, Perkins?" the leader asked me in a gruff voice.

"I was wondering," I said, "what was going on . . . that's all."

"Well, I'm warning you," he told me. "Move on, and you'll be all right."

No matter how gruff he tried to sound, he seemed like a good guy. In fact, so did the others, underneath their toughness.

"Okay," I said to him, and I put my hands in my raincoat pockets. The short fellow, the one who was drunk, swung out at me with his piece of pipe.

"Lay off," the leader said. "Save your fancy stuff for later!"

"Perkins," the skinny six-footer said, "don't forget to tell Sophia to look me up

Anthony Perkins believes that men often go about their jobs like automatons, just doing the jobs they're assigned, oblivious to all other matters. He decided to prove it. He placed his wrist watch inside his empty water glass. The bus boy came by and poured, filling all the glasses, including the one with Perkins' watch in it.

Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post

when she gets into New York. She's one movie star that's right up my alley!"

They all laughed—a crazy, almost unnatural laughter. I started to walk away.

I took a couple of steps in the direction of Ninth Avenue. In the background, the jazz trombonist from the striptease joint sounded off with a mellow rendition of *Here I Go Again*.

"Hey," the leader's voice shouted above the music of the trombone. "Perkins! Hold up a minute!"

The guys shuffled over toward me. "Look, Perkins," the leader said, his dark eyes looking straight into mine, "we don't like any trouble, see? You're an all right guy, but if you run into any uniforms, you better keep your mouth shut, because if you don't—you're in trouble!"

"No problem," I said, and I made a clamping motion over my mouth with my fingers to show him my lips were sealed. We all stood there. I shifted my weight from one foot to another.

I knew I should let it go, but against my better judgment I said, "Can't you guys tell me what you're up to?"

They all eyed one another suspiciously. "What do you want to know for?" the leader laughed harshly. "Do you want to cover for us?"

"Well," I said, shrugging my shoulders, "if you tell me about it, maybe I will!"

They all laughed that cackling laughter again. The short guy said, "Tell him if he covers, we'll divvy up with him."

"Okay," the leader said. "I'll tell him. What do you say, guys?"

The chunky, big-boned guy mumbled, "What for?"

But the leader motioned to me, and I walked over. We huddled together in the dark doorway of a tenement and they told me they were looking for kicks.

"Where're you going to find them?"

"Over there," the leader pointed with his thumb. "At the liquor store."

"What do you want?" I said in a low voice. "Whiskey?"

"Now, how did you guess?" the tall

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skinny guy said in a mocking tone. "Man," he continued, "we don't only want whiskey. We want . . ." and he snapped his fingers loudly to indicate they wanted cold cash. "Moola!" the short, silent one blurted out. "That's what we want. Moola!"

"Moola?" I repeated stupidly, a lump in my throat. "Why?" I asked. "Do you need money?"

"Are you kiddin'?" the leader said. "Perkins, we all have jobs. We're old enough to earn a buck, but when you want some fun, you have to think of something!"

He told me they had figured out the liquor store was a perfect place for a small hold-up. The owner of the store was old and helpless. "Anyhow," the leader added, "what's he going to do with all that dough he's collected today? Hide it in the bank? Well, buddy boy, we can have a few kicks and spend a little of it."

I looked out the doorway at the liquor store a few doors down. It was dimly lighted, a cubicle of a shop. The only other lighted storefronts on the block were the night club and a pizza parlor across the street from the liquor store.

"Get wise Perkins!"

But these guys weren't hoods. They weren't evil. Maybe they were trouble-makers. Everybody is sometime or another in his life.

"Have . . . have you fellows thought of the consequences?" I said, hating myself for sounding like some insipid high school teacher.

"Get wise, Perkins!" the leader barked. The night may have been cold, but I was beginning to sweat.

"All right," I said boldly. "I'm with you. I'll help. Let's go over to the pizza place where it's warm. We'll talk the whole thing over and you tell me what you want me to do—I'm buying. It's my treat."

The guys slid into the old-fashioned, wire-backed chairs around a wooden table which was carved with customers' nicknames and Kilroy-was-here comments.

A fat man with a black mustache and a soiled white apron came over and took the order. I asked for three pizzas—with the works. Then I told the fat man to serve all the fellows a round of beers.

"Them?" he said, pointing to them all. "I serve them next year when they're old enough."

The drunken kid bristled. He stood up, his fists poised.

"Sit down, Stupid," the leader said. "Can't you ever control yourself? Why get excited over this . . . this slob?"

The fat man wasn't listening. He turned around to go to the hole-in-the-wall kitchen. Stupid sat back in his chair. I started talking to the guys about Hollywood and what it was like to be a movie star. It was a safe subject.

The movie world

"Man," the leader said, "you movie stars are always dating. Who fixes you up?"

Sure, there were lots of dates, I told him, but most of them were phony ones trumped up by press agents.

"You know something?" I added. "Most of the fellows who are actors prefer to date a gal who isn't in showbusiness. Why? Well, most of these showbusiness gals expect you to take them to places where they'll be 'seen.' They're never satisfied with a ride and a hamburger at some drive-in diner."

In a while the fat man served us our pizzas, three big tin trays topped with cheese and tomatoes and salami, and I ordered a glass of milk for myself. A couple of the guys did the same. The leader told Stupid to drink some coffee to sober up. "Oh all right," he grumbled disgustedly.

The guys wanted to know if Tony Perkins was my real name. I said it was. Sitting at the far end of the table, I was able to look out into the shadowy street through the moisture-streaked windows. Across the way, I saw the liquor store lights go out, and I knew the owner was leaving.

We continued to talk about Hollywood, and after a while, I said, "If any of you guys get to Hollywood, don't forget to look me up." I got up from my chair and paid the fat man for the pizzas, milk and Stupid's cup of coffee.

"It's late," I said.

Nobody mentioned the store

When we walked outside, I wondered for a moment if they might not gang up on me and tell me I tricked them, but nobody said a word. All of them could see the liquor store was closed, but nobody mentioned it.

They walked me to the street corner, past the burlesque nightclub where the jazz trombonist played and Miss Lotus Leaf peeled nightly, and we said good-bye.

I waved a yellow cab, and the cab-driver stopped with a screech. I stepped into it and said, "Remember, look me up if you ever come out to California."

I slumped back in the cab, exhausted, but I couldn't help thinking about how fate had sent me there, brought me to four kids who didn't really want to be delinquents. They wanted someone to talk to.

The taxi stopped at my apartment on West 55th Street where my dog, Punky, was waiting for me. He was looking out the front window, his feet perched on the window sill. It was good to be home.

END

Tony is in MGM's GREEN MANSIONS and can soon be seen in ON THE BEACH for United Artists.

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Perhaps you think you already know how to wash your face. But if you have pimples, blackheads, dry or excessively oily skin, such skin problems usually indicate improper cleansing.

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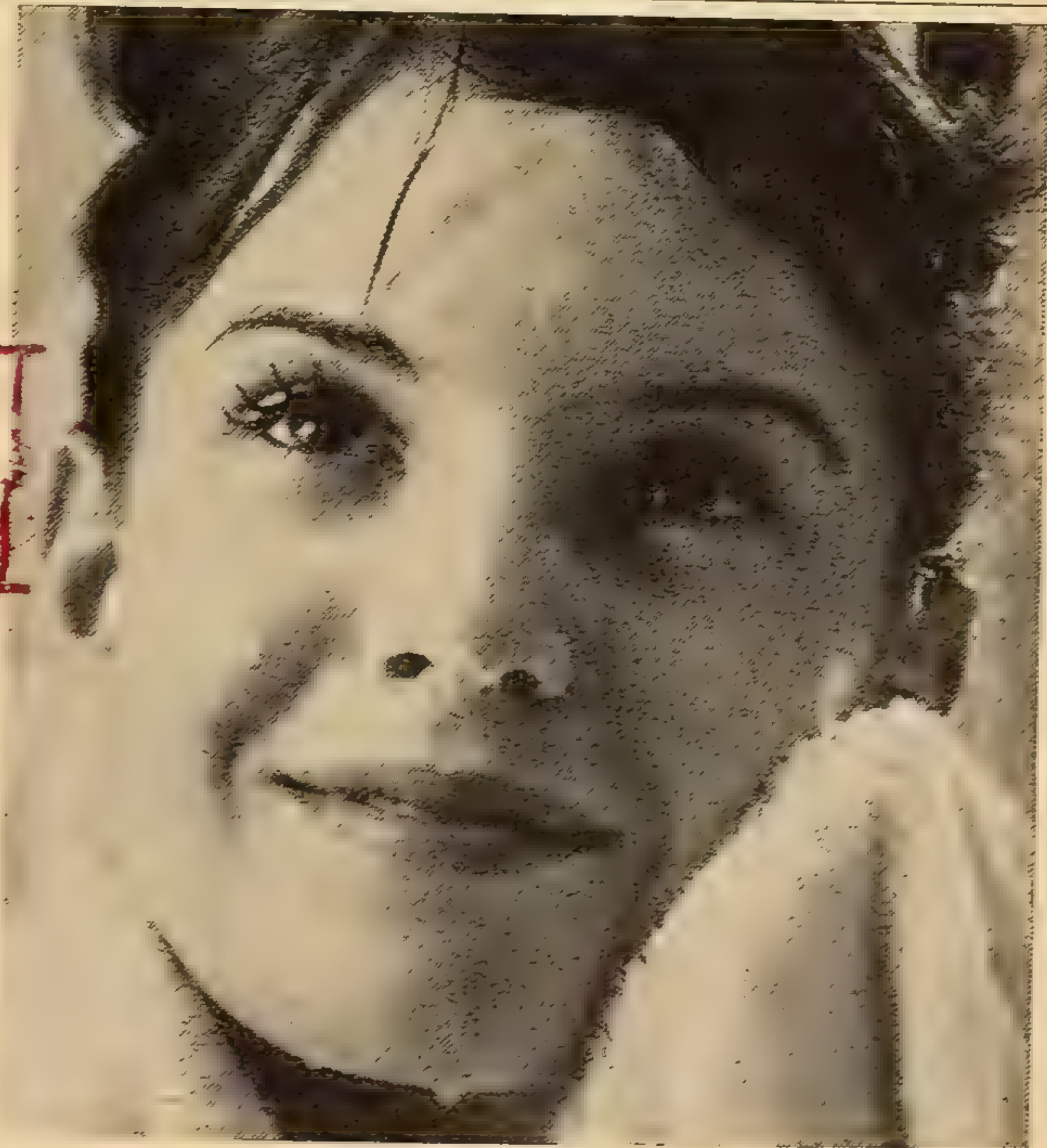
For normal skin use warm water and cool rinses. For dry, delicate skin use cool water only, except perhaps at bedtime when you might try the warm-then-cool routine.

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You Can Spend The Summer With Me

(Continued from page 43)

sharply twisting Benedict Canyon road.

In a moment the first drops of rain ratta-tatted against the windshield. The grey sky was the color of old bruises, but I was happy over my forthcoming trip to London where I'd been invited to perform for Queen Elizabeth, and I said a silent prayer of thanks to God as I drove along the wet, rain-slippery road.

From my home in Beverly Hills to my studio near Sunset Boulevard, there are five miles of dangerous canyon curves. The road's a tricky one and the canyon is steep. Falling off the road into the valley below can be fatal.

That's when it happened—that morning in the rain. A secondhand beige Buick, all scarred and battered, zig-zagged its way through that early going-to-work traffic. The motor was hopped up; you could tell from its growling sound. Whizzing between the cars, the Buick carelessly passed one car after another at the break-neck speed of about eighty miles an hour.

At the crest of a grade, it pulled out to pass and nearly collided into an oncoming car from ahead. The driver of that car, trying to avoid the crash, turned his steering wheel sharply. His car swerved toward the wooden fence, broke through it and went tumbling down the steep canyon wall.

All this happened in no more than a minute's time, right before my eyes. My first impulse was to stop and look over the canyon. But two other motorists stopped before me; and, thinking quickly, I decided to let them see what they could do to help while I chased after the speed demon.

By the time I caught up with him, the police had caught up with me, and the three of us were, all of a sudden, in a huddle with some tall explaining to do.

The speed demon? He was a young gangly guy, no more than sixteen or seventeen. His reddish brown hair was mussed, and he had a long, pointed face with squinting brown eyes.

I was mad, so mad I almost swung at him. But the two policemen grabbed me. "This guy," I yelled—my voice shaking with anger as the police held my arms—"this guy over here just killed a man."

The boy snorted. "Big deal," he said.

Killer

I tried to tell the two policemen what had happened. As I talked, with the relentless rain falling on us, I got a little calmer, and I began to realize that the speed demon just didn't care. He just stood there, all six feet of him, and he leered at us, the policemen and me, as if we were fools.

It wouldn't be fair to tell you his real name, so let's call him Jojo. Now Jojo didn't resist any of the questioning. He answered all of the policemen's demands for information, sullen and sneering. We drove back to the scene of the accident in the police car. There was a long line of parked automobiles and a crowd already gathered.

The two policemen edged their way through the onlookers with Jojo and me at their sides.

Another policeman was investigating the accident.

"Where is the driver?" we asked.

"They've just taken him," the investigator said, pointing to the wreckage below, "to the hospital. Unconscious."

After a series of routine questions and answers for the accident report, we drove back to our own cars. Then we all went to

police headquarters and waited for the officer-in-charge.

Sitting next to Jojo on a long, worn, wooden bench in that green-painted room while the oppressive rain still tapped against the windows, I started up a conversation with him.

I was more controlled now, and I wondered what made Jojo tick.

"Where do you come from?" I said.

"Oh, around . . ." he said evasively, those dark eyes of his wandering from wall to wall.

Somebody in Mexico asked Dolores Del Rio how she stays so beautiful.

"Simple," the lady replied. "Plenty of exercise, sleep a lot, and fall in love regularly."

Paul Sann
in the New York Post

"This part of the country?" I persisted. "Mister," he said derisively, "what difference does it make?"

That stopped me for a moment. "What I mean," I said, "is . . . do your parents live here?"

"Ha!" he said and made a sour face.

I waited a minute. If I wasn't careful with my questioning, he might clam up altogether.

Finally, he spoke up. "Mister," he said, "if you're talking about my mother and father, they're way, way out there—swinging hard!"

"What?"

"Out there, Mister," he repeated. "Out there in no-man's-ville."

"Where's no-man's-ville?" I wanted to know.

"Brother," he said, "you are a cube! No-man's-ville is lush-land where all the boozehounds meet."

I nodded to let him know I understood. His parents were alcoholics!

"So, Mister," he added, "now that you're tuned in, what else do you want to know?"

After a couple of other questions, he told me his parents were once small players in the films who never quite made it. They got mixed up with a bunch of has-beens, a crowd of no-goodnik boozehounds. From the way he talked about both of them, I could tell he was ashamed and disgusted, and I thought, *Why do people have children if they don't care for them, if they don't love them?*

He had quit school, taken odd jobs here and there for spending money. He lived with them still. "But they're busy drinking half the night with their friends, so I go out and roam around and see what I can scare up!" He paused, then added, "The thing I live for is to get the wild man going!"

"Wild man going?" I repeated. Despite his defiance, there was something pathetic about this strange, uncaring kid.

"Yeah," he blurted back quickly. "When you get the wild man going, man, you're alive!"

Getting the wild man going, he explained condescendingly, was being daring. He'd take a girl out on a date and drive her out to some dark spot in the country and he'd tell her he was out of gas while she sat there for an hour, shivering and screaming. Or he'd go rapping on doors at night and running off. Or speeding. . . .

I was repulsed. "You know," I told him,

looking directly in his restless brown eyes, trying to hold his attention, "It wouldn't matter if you were only hurting yourself, but when getting your wild man going involves hurting others, it's criminal. This man today who swerved to avoid an accident! He saved your life—and maybe lost his own."

"Mister," Jojo said forlornly, "what do you want me to do? I've got nothing else to live for."

Finally we were called up before the officer-in-charge while the case was reviewed. I had to testify against Jojo who was placed on \$5,000 bail. Of course, he couldn't put up the money.

Before I left, I asked if there was anything I could do for him.

"Yeah," he said, sneering like the old Jojo, the cocky Jojo on the slippery roadway, "get me out of here so I can get the wild man going!"

I drove to the studio. I was three hours late. But Jojo's last words haunted me: *Get the wild man going.*

All afternoon I worked in front of the cameras. It was hard for me to concentrate on my role after all that had happened that morning. At the end of the day I called the police headquarters to find out if the man in the wrecked car had survived the accident. He had—but he would be crippled for life.

I hung up the telephone and sat there, thinking . . . An innocent man's life, ruined by a youngster whose life was already ruined, ruined by a kid who believed there was nothing to live for . . . What a waste! If there had been someone to show Jojo a little love, some understanding, none of this would have happened . . . If he could have been shown what there *was* to live for, all the good things that teenagers accomplish every day for a better world . . . An idea began

to form in my mind. . . .

Announcing the Hugh O'Brian Ranch

This is the first announcement anywhere of the Hugh O'Brian Youth Foundation and of the Ranch I'm going to start on the Coast. Instead of emphasizing juvenile delinquency, I'm going to emphasize accomplishment. I will invite, as my guests, outstanding young people who are contributing their ideas and energy for the good of mankind.

For the guys and gals who have accomplished the greatest good, there'll be financial assistance, and I'll ask them to serve on executive committees during the summers at the Ranch.

And for a certain group of young people especially—the kids at the other Hugh O'Brian Youth Foundation Ranch. This ranch is going to be for kids like Jojo, kids who believe in nothing, who think they have nothing to live for, kids who are confused, mixed-up and desperate for help. This ranch will be a place where homeless teenagers of all races, religions and creeds can come and begin to build a life for themselves, can have the opportunity of creating a self-supporting community, a place they'll take pride in.

And what of Jojo? He's behind bars now, serving time as a hit-and-run driver. Before too many more Jojos are created, I hope that the Hugh O'Brian ranches will help us to steer 'the wild man' in the right direction.

If you would like to spend the summer with me, write me for further information. Write describing what you're doing to make your school, your community, your world a better place.

My address:

HUGH O'BRIAN
ABC-TV Center
Hollywood, Calif.

END

Diane Varsi

(Continued from page 54)

mixed up." Diane was "immature and doesn't know what she's doing." Diane was "smart, because if she doesn't like Hollywood, she should remove herself from the situation. But I think if she goes back to Bennington, they'll treat her like a movie star, and if she didn't like that here, she won't like it there either."

They had a lot to say, little people and big people, wildly trying to justify their way of life to a girl who couldn't hear them and didn't care.

She hadn't cared for a long time, and maybe she'd never cared. This past year, she'd gone on dates with actors (Mark Damon was the most frequent) and sat, quiet, withdrawn. She'd turned off her phone so the world couldn't get at her. She'd felt a need to strip her life down to essentials, and, after a while even possessions seemed vulgar, and she lived in a house with no rugs, and had a bedroom which contained only a bed.

There's a place in Tennessee Williams' play, *Camino Real*, where a character named Lord Byron says, "I've found myself listening to hired musicians behind a row of artificial palm trees—instead of the single-pure-stringed instrument of my heart. . . . It's time to leave here! Time for departure even when there's no certain place to go!"

It must have been like this for Diane, straining to hear the music of her own troubled heart, knowing that it was time to leave Hollywood, even though she had "no certain place to go."

Why Bennington, Vermont? The answer

is vague. "I knew some girls who'd gone to college here . . ." It wasn't a simple thing like a wanderer's coming home. Diane's San Francisco-born; her roots were not in New England, she'd never been East except to make *Peyton Place*.

The truth was that Diane had no roots. She'd been moving, running, for as long as she could remember. She'd left homes, parents, two husbands, jobs, towns, friends.

Once, she believed in fairies. She was seven years old. As kindly as possible, her mother told her fairies didn't exist, but she only pitied her mother. How terrible not to believe! And then she thought of a way to lure her fairy out of hiding.

She dug ten holes in a circle, in the backyard. She put a flower in one hole, and a piece of cheese in the next, all the way around. Then she sat in the middle of the circle and waited. "I loved flowers, and I loved cheese. My fairy *had* to come."

All afternoon, the little girl sat in the circle until it got too dark to see, and she was called in for supper and bed.

The next morning, she ran out to the yard. The flowers and cheese were still in the holes. And she cried. "That was the day the fairies died in me—"

Her father, brilliant, weak, violent—was broken by a business world he hated. She describes how he'd lock himself in a room and read all day and you think, "That's something she'd do herself," but she isn't aware of the coincidence. She never felt she was his child, she was convinced he was "disappointed in me. He wanted a son. He bought me a red sweat-shirt, and taught me how to fight."

When she was nine years old, "I saw my mother and father cracking up. I watched them, and I knew what was happening. After that, whenever my father yelled at me. I knew he was scared, and I wouldn't



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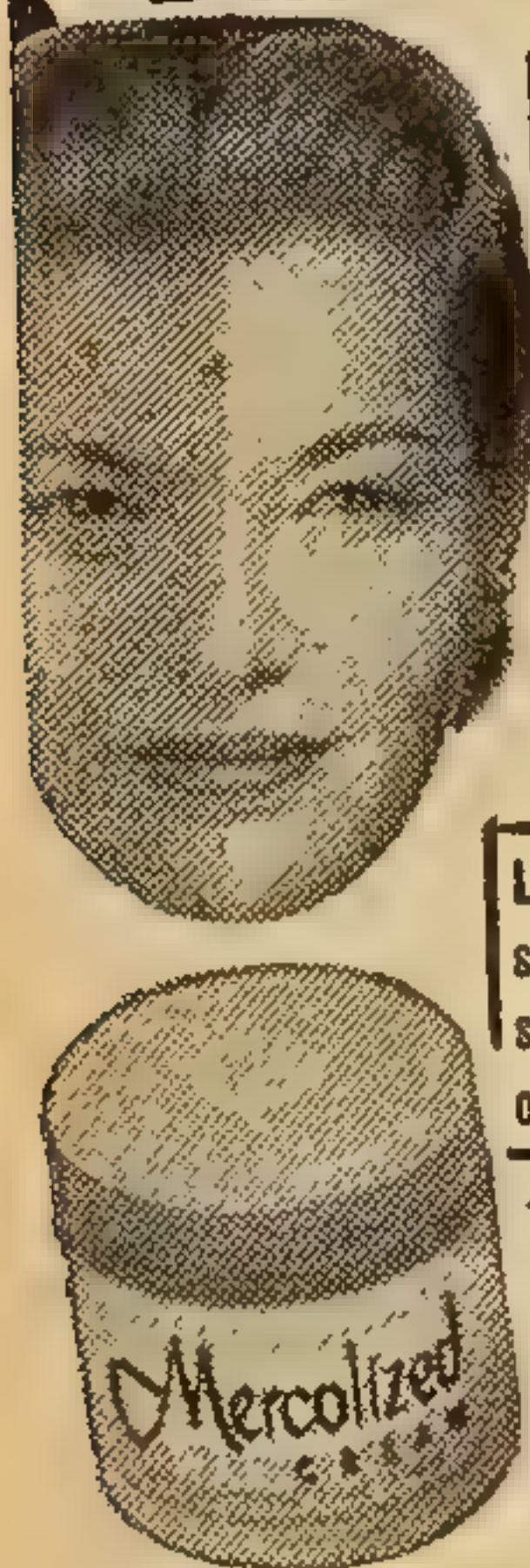
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cry or yell back. I'd go play my radio real loud, or I'd run up in a tree."

She remembers when her mother started "to get ill. I thought she was pretending, but her personality changed, her whole face changed, and then I knew."

Sometimes Diane's mother could rise above her own pain, and be wonderfully brave. Called to a convent school to witness Diane's expulsion (Diane had refused to inform on another girl), Mrs. Varsi stood by her child. "I've taught her to be loyal," she said. "I'm proud of her."

In that moment, Diane's heart nearly burst with joy, but such moments were infrequent. The older Varsis couldn't often rise to being parents; the emotional climate of the household was terrifying. One night Diane's father wept, and begged the now thirteen-year-old girl to help him take care of things, to do something with her mother.

"Next day I went straight home from school and said, 'Now, Mom, I'm going to cook dinner and you're going to do this-and-that.' My mother got very angry. When my father came home, she told him. Then my father slapped me and he said, 'Don't you ever tell your mother what to do. Don't you ever try to pretend that you own this house or you're even part of this house!'"

Runaway

One night she ran off into the snow. Next day her grandfather found her, wet and shivering, and brought her back.

At seventeen, she did leave home. The leaving was somehow symbolic. She burned or gave away all her possessions. She cut her hair very short. "And from that day I never again wore make-up."

Diane had bizarre experiences. She lived with five old ladies in a rest home, and kept to herself and read Yoga. She married a boy and left him, got an annulment and found out later she was pregnant with his child.

Arriving in Los Angeles with a girl friend ("It's so big it builds a fear in you"), she decided to stay for a while. She wrote her grandfather she wanted to take acting lessons. "So send me some money for them please. Also send me some more. Because I'm starving."

She decided she'd put her baby up for adoption once it was born, but whenever she really faced the idea, "I would start screaming and yelling. I'd go for walks and pick up little pieces of paper—"

Jim Dickson, the man she later married, helped her face her most pressing problems. She had her baby, kept him, married Dickson and became a movie star all in a very short time.

There was *Peyton Place*, and then the break-up of the second marriage, followed by a reconciliation and another split, and then the part in *Ten North Frederick* and Diane's collapse on the set. "I just had a nervous breakdown, I guess. It wasn't a quiet little thing. I sort of blacked out for five days."

Always mixed up

Being oddly honest, and having a sense of humor, Diane denied that Hollywood had caused her sickness. "I didn't have to get in the movies to be mixed up. I was mixed up before I got here."

She was the strangest movie star anybody'd ever seen. Nominated for an Academy Award, she took no pleasure in her triumph. "My greatest disappointment is myself," she said, and she walked along lonely beaches, weeping silently, and she read heavy books about Eastern philosophies, and she went to pick up scripts in blue jeans and her bare feet, and she said she loved spiders and bugs.

As a housekeeper she left a lot to be

desired too. In a nearly empty shack, furnished with the barest necessities ("I dislike owning anything") she tried to entertain, but couldn't make it. Once, when a friend said he'd like his tea iced, instead of hot, she looked stricken. Dangling two tea bags, she stood in the doorway, hopeless—"What do I do now?"—and the sight of her—all bulky sweater and long legs and little fawn's face—melted the guest into a puree of adoration and pity.

She was drunk with austerity (the money she made meant nothing to her, convinced as she was that salvation depended on self-denial), and starved for culture. She wanted to learn all the poetry and music in the world.

"I'll never be really happy," she said. "But there are moments—"

Most of those moments came when she was with Shawn. Her son is two and a half years old now, and she's devoted to him in an almost too-concentrated way. Because of him, she worries about herself. "I'm emotionally unstable at times, and I'm afraid of that—" She's proud of his sense of rhythm, his brightness, she broods that "he doesn't behave like a child. He doesn't care at all for toys."

A normal place with normal people

Undoubtedly, the move to Bennington was partly on Shawn's account. Diane wanted to find a normal place with normal people where a little boy could grow up whole. And she wanted to get away from acting, which "exhausts me. I'm sometimes so tired from it that I literally cannot move a muscle."

Strangely, the last acting Diane did (on tv, for *Playhouse 90*) dealt with a shy young mother who skyrocketed to Hollywood stardom, and who was thereby made miserable, and who ultimately ditched her career. Diane identified very strongly with the girl in the script, so strongly that the director was afraid she might not even appear on the night of the show.

She appeared, and she got through the thing, but she hasn't acted since, and she says she never will again.

Producer Jerry Wald thinks he understands the reasons. "Her sensitivity was such that she couldn't put up with the traveling companions to success: maliciousness, deceit, slander and jealousy. She had no father, mother or husband. I think it was just too much to ask a young girl to assume such a responsibility with no one to lean on. Then there were the business problems: 10% here and 10% there, and her salary wasn't that great. You can get tired of people and the hitch-hikers who take bites of you. She has more strength of character than you'd think. It takes more courage to do what she's doing than to hang on."

In Bennington, Vermont, a tired girl, tired from twenty-two years of running, has come to a place where she wants to stop. She wants to make a home for her child, the home she herself never had. She wants to read, and play her guitar, and sing little songs, and stare across a hundred hills, and find the self she lost somewhere, way back in the beginning.

Again the words of the Tennessee Williams' character seem to fit here:

"I can sit quietly looking for a long, long time in absolute silence, and possibly, still possibly—the old pure music will come to me again. Of course on the other hand I may hear only the little noise of insects in the grass. . . ."

To Diane, the little noise of insects in the grass might sound as sweet as the pure music of her heart.

We hope, whatever she's looking for, she finds it, in a brand-new world where fairies live to eat cheese, and love is possible. . . .

END

Millie's Secret

(Continued from page 33)

fall in love, not anywhere near it."

When Stevens (Sr.) told Millie one day that he thought it would be a good idea if she'd go to the small dinner party at Nina Foch's house, that Nina was a fine actress and might be able to help her, she finally agreed to go. Millie would never go to a party, but if her director wanted her to, she would go for his sake.

Millie went alone, wearing her typical costume, blue wool skirt and white blouse; no make-up except mascara on her enormous green eyes.

Dean Stockwell was at the party. Everyone sat around and talked, mostly about acting, theater, etc. Millie was very quiet, said nothing. But Dean—who most people think is a moody introvert—was very talkative that night. He was very positive about everything, argued with everyone. She thought he was wonderful—such a definite personality, out of the ordinary. When she drove home—alone—that night, she found herself thinking of him.

She was too shy to ask Nina about him; even to mention his name to George Stevens. One evening shortly afterwards when she reported for her first drama class given in a cellar by young actor-teacher Robert Blake, her heart leaped. There, in the group, was Dean. Dean jumped up when he saw her. After the class, they went out for coffee, sat for hours. Millie—the lonely little girl who was never seen on a date with a boy. The flame started to kindle. She wore her usual outfit; the same hairstyle in a mop, pale face, magnificent eyes that burned in her small, thin face.

They saw each other again the following Thursday night at Blake's class; Dean and Millie immediately paired off and went to a little Russian restaurant for Beef Stroganoff and Dean talked for hours. Dean began to tell her about himself—his days as a child star; his rebellion against Hollywood; the time he took off and worked as a common laborer in Mexico; his views on acting, on the world, on people. He'd never been in love—or it seemed that he never had, he told Millie, now that he knew her. Millie saw something in Dean no other girl had ever seen—a man to lean on. Dean's such a confused, outspoken rebel that no one has ever thought of him that way, as a person of stability. This was the first time in Dean's life that a girl looked at him with such open admiration, loved him as a woman loves a man because of his strength. Millie's a troubled girl, confused; she worries a lot. She began telling Dean all of her problems; her doubts and fears about her career; her loneliness, her feelings about her family, about herself. And Dean found himself opening his heart to this girl.

They kept their secret

Shortly afterwards, Dean had to leave Robert Blake's Cellar Group, because Blake didn't want to take on any experienced actors like Dean. Millie, as a novice actress, remained. But by this time, Dean and Millie didn't need the Cellar Group to bring them together; they had each other. They were going together. They realized each needed the other; they were quietly, firmly in love. But they kept their secret from the world.

Everyone had been trying to get Millie out of her shell: Dean is the only one who loves her exactly as she is and is not trying to change her. Dean likes to dress well, but he's never tried to tell her to dress differently. She wears the same skirt and blouse (either white or a print)

all the time. And the same car coat flung over her shoulders.

Dean had a birthday party just the other day. Millie went to his apartment a few hours earlier and cleaned up, fixed the hors d'oeuvres, cooled the champagne, got the cake, had everything ready. Dean's parents were at the party, his brother Guy and his wife, a couple of people from *Playhouse 90*. The other girls were dressed up. Dean kissed Millie and said, "That's my girl—she looks different from any other girl. She is different."

He goes along with her moods, her tastes, everything; he understands her. Millie was thrilled one day when she learned that her friend Larry Schiller knew the caretaker of the Huntington Hartford Estates—a large, secluded, hillside estate of many acres in the Hollywood hills. Larry introduced her to the caretaker, and she asked to be allowed to come inside the estate sometimes so that she could lie on the grass for hours, by herself, and read. This is her idea of great fun. She told Dean about it, and instead of laughing at her, he said, "I'd like to go with you." Now they both go there often, just by themselves, lie on the grass, read books to each other, Millie resting her head in the crook of Dean's arm. Or sometimes they just talk or stay there silently, just the two of them.

Dean watches over her

They call each other *honey*, and *darling*; she usually calls him *Stock*. He loves to call her *Poopsie* and often refers to her possessively as *the better half of me*.

After work, they always meet and have dinner together—either in a small dimly-lit Russian restaurant on the Sunset Strip, or in Dean's apartment, and Millie always seems to have an accumulation of problems to pour out to Dean. "The studio is having a red evening gown made up for me to wear to the premiere of *Anne Frank*," she wept one evening recently. They were sitting close together in a booth in a little restaurant, Dean's arm around her, her head on his shoulder. "I don't want that dress; they'll make it too dressy, and I'm not the dressy type. I'm too thin to wear it without sleeves. It won't look good. If they make it *with* sleeves, it will be too much dress for me. I'll look awful in it." She was getting more distraught by the minute—a small problem, but to Millie an overwhelming grievance.

Dean held her close, kissed her forehead tenderly. "Look, *Poopsie*," he said calmly. "Let the studio make it. It won't cost you a dime. Then if you don't like it, you don't have to wear it. I'm taking you to the premiere, either way, and there won't be any other girl at the premiere who'll come near you."

She calmed down.



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One thing he's trying to do is get her to eat more. She'd be satisfied with a graham cracker for dinner. She hates to eat; is oblivious to food; has no feeling for it. Before Dean came into her life, she saw nothing wrong with eating a frozen food dinner every night, or going to any hamburger place and munching on a cheese sandwich or hamburger while reading a book. Now dinners mean something, because they're the start of the evening with Dean. Little restaurants—intimacy between them. Dean tells the waiter, "A junior steak for her," and kids her into eating most of it.

They spend many evenings in his house or hers, sitting on the floor, listening to records—he has a collection of the old masters, and of jazz. She lives in a mediocre, furnished house in Hollywood with Sandra Knight, a red-haired, beautiful, bouncing young actress (exactly opposite of her) and Dean often comes there, and they listen to music, hold hands and think about the future.

After Dean leaves her for the evening, he always calls her up when he gets back to his apartment and they talk for hours.

They like to do simple things—walking through the Hartford Estates; going to Santa Monica pier or Paradise Cove pier in Malibu—as long as it's not dress up... as long as they're together.

Dean is a fighter when it comes to his work; he fought with the directors in *Compulsion* to do the role as he saw it; fought with them in *Playhouse 90*. He seems to

know what he wants. Dean wants to be boss in everything. Millie loves this.

They are deeply in love. These are two unusual young people who need each other desperately; two unique souls who have found each other. Millie, for the first time, has found a boy she loves who doesn't laugh at the way she dresses, doesn't try to change her; a boy she feels she can lean on.

Dean, always a non-conformist, always a rebel, a guy who found his whole personality disturbed by his experiences as a kid actor, who was fed up with everything and everyone—this boy understands Millie as no other young man can, and loves her. He knows most people think he's a nut. Millie thinks he's the strongest guy alive.

They'd both like to get married, but this isn't the time.

Millie hesitates to marry now because she doesn't think her mother, who is Catholic, would approve of Dean, who is not Catholic. Besides, she leaves soon for Europe for several months of personal appearances with the various premieres of *Anne Frank*, then leaves for Israel for many, many months to make *The Greatest Story Ever Told*. She'll play Mary.

But in the meanwhile, they're inseparable. This is a strong, deep love—two kids who don't fall in love easily have fallen for each other. Their love will endure. **END**

Millie is appearing in *THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK* for 20th-Fox; Dean is in *COMPULSION* for 20th.

The Baby Queen

(Continued from page 49)

The next day—about 5:00 p.m.—I got her home address and drove out there.

Her mother answered the bell.

"I'm sorry," she said, "Tuesday's left on a date."

I smiled.

"I know," her mother said, "she's young. But she's been dating since she was ten."

Now it was her turn to smile.

"Yes, Tuesday gets criticized about the way she acts," Mrs. Weld said. "But, now, she can't be the original naive little starlet, can she?... Won't you come in?"

"Her whole life," Mrs. Weld continued, pointing to a chair, "her whole life, after all, has been very different...."

The format of Tuesday's life began taking shape shortly after her father's death.

That was twelve years ago, when she was three—and called Susan. ("Tuesday" was to come later).

Things were tough following Mr. Weld's death. Aside from Tuesday and her mother, there were two other children—Sally, eleven, and David, nine.

For a while Mrs. Weld, still in her twenties at the time, struggled. She moved her family into a low-rent tenement building on Third Avenue. (The apartment consisted of two rooms. In the back was a dark bedroom. In the front was a dark kitchen, complete with a combination bathtub-sink and with windows face-to-face with the noisy tracks of the then-existent Third Avenue El. She got a job nights.)

After a few months, Mrs. Weld—hard as she tried—found the going tougher and tougher.

And it was only when a friend suggested she try to get her youngest and very pretty daughter a modeling job—and did—that it seemed she would be able to hold her family together.

Because Tuesday, from the very beginning, was a very successful model and became the Welds' sole support.

This took care of the money problem. But it created other problems.

A child in an adult world

"I was in a terribly confusing world for a child," Tuesday will tell you today. "I can still remember those big empty studios with nothing but lights in them and cameras. And hovering over me, those chattering women, fashion consultants, and eerie men, with funny ways and with powder puffs and combs in their hands, always, *always* standing over me, for hours on end. I still have nightmares about this period. I dream all the time of huge, terrible birds flying around my head, flapping their wings, ready to pick at me with their beaks. The birds represent those people, I guess. How they scared me."

"And," she says, "there was the problem of my brother and sister. Everything's fine between us now. But then, those years, it was awful. David was embarrassed by my success. He was only a boy, but still he was the only man in the family. And there was I, his kid sister, bringing in the money, the support."

He felt that it put him in a funny position and his attitude was just to ignore me.... With Sally it was even worse. She was a pretty girl, but I was known as the prettier one. I was the one who got all the attention, the clothes, the praise. I was the one Mama was with all the time, because she *had* to be with me constantly, accompanying me on my rounds. I was the one who went to a special school where the hours were tailored to my convenience. I was everything. And so Sally resented me. She was mean. She would belittle me and pick on me over the littlest things and we would get into all sorts of fights. I always acted brave and tough with her on the outside, but when I was alone I would cry my eyes out.... They tell me now, in fact, that I never once laughed."

Tuesday worked at modeling for five years.

And then one day when it all became too much for her, she exploded.

She and her mother were riding a

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crosstown bus, on their way back from a modeling assignment that Tuesday had had. Suddenly, Tuesday took her mother's hand, clutched it hard.

"Mama, I can't go on with this," she said—a girl of eight, tired, run-down, nervous, over-thin. "I have no brother and sister. I have no friends. All I have is my picture in a bunch of magazines. . . . Can we go away, someplace, please? We've saved money. Can we use it now? Can we run away, Mama—you and me and David and Sally? Please?"

The family ran to Florida.

They stayed for a little over two years. Tuesday was a normal kid for a while. She went to school from nine to three, made friends, got acne, put on weight.

Most of all, for the first time in her life, she laughed.

But then, one morning, it was all over. "It's odd the way it happened," she says. "A little bird had adopted our house, from practically the first day we moved in. He'd come and perched himself on the windowsill and chirped away. I'd given him some wet bread and from that day on, for two years, he was part of the family, my special little tiny pet, the first I'd ever had. He even made me get over my dreams, for a while . . . Then, on this morning, he flew into the living room as usual. I sat watching him, waiting for him to come to me. But something else attracted him. It was a lamp. For some reason it was lit, for some reason the lampshade was off. So instead of coming to me he flew to the lamp. He landed on the bare hot bulb. For a few seconds he just stood there, on the bulb. Then, in pain and shock, he put up his head and opened his mouth as if to scream, but with no sound. Just as I got to him, he fell over dead. . . . This upset me terribly. The rest of that day was spoiled for me. And the next day. And the next. I realized finally that I couldn't stay in that house anymore. I realized, too, that I didn't want to stay in Florida anymore. I guess, really, it was more than the bird. I guess the time had come for that bug inside me that I thought I hated, that glamorous New York bug—call it Modeling, call it Fuss, call it Money—I guess the time had come for that bug to start biting again."

A new move

"Anyway, about a week later, I had a talk with my mother. We were practically alone now. My sister had gotten married, my brother was getting ready to go into the Marines. I asked my mother if we couldn't go back to New York and the life we had known. She asked me if I was sure that was what I wanted, I was. . . ."

For a month after their arrival in New York Tuesday dieted, had her skin trouble cleared up and was back in the swing.

The old professional crowd was glad to have her back.

But soon it all bored her and after about six months she decided that she wanted to be an actress instead of a model.

She asked a few questions around and someone told her that Alfred Hitchcock was in town looking for a girl her age to cast in one of his television plays.

Tuesday made an appointment to see him. The interview was very short.

The portly director looked Tuesday over and then asked, "Can you giggle, Miss Weld?"

"Only when I drink champagne," Tuesday answered.

Hitchcock roared with laughter.

"I guess he thought it was funny, because I was only eleven at the time," Tuesday recalls. "Anyway, I got the part."

More parts followed.

Tuesday was good in them.



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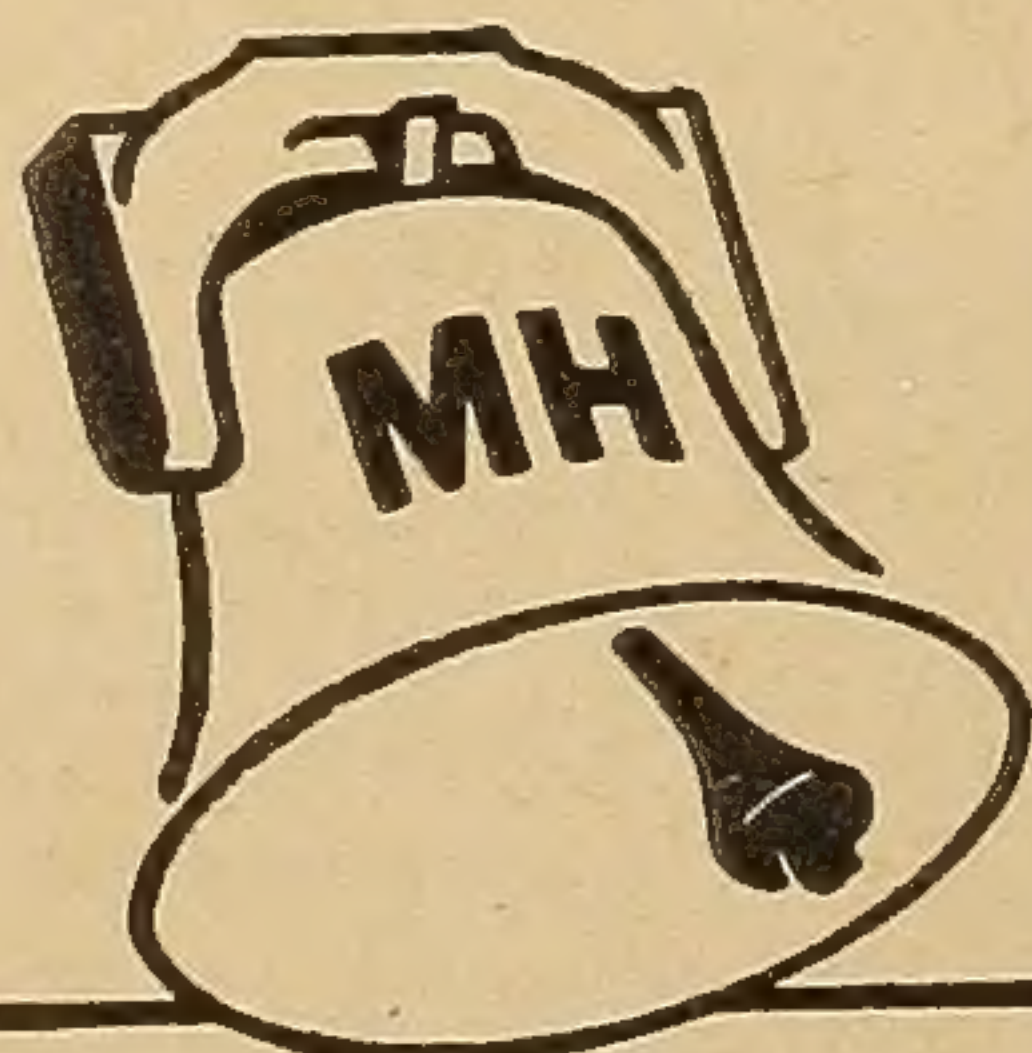
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And she knew it, had great confidence. "So I decided after a while that I'd had enough television," she says, "and that I was ready for the Broadway stage. By this time, I was thirteen-and-a-half. . . . Besides, *The Dark At The Top Of The Stairs* was casting, it had a part for me and I was sure I could do it."

She read for Elia Kazan, the kingpin director.

He seemed impressed.

Too sure of herself

"I was pretty sure I had the part," Tuesday says, "so before I left the theater I said to Mr. Kazan, 'I know you're having trouble casting one of the boys. I think I know just the actor for you.' Somebody standing alongside Mr. Kazan, a flunky, looked at me as if to say, 'And who do you think you are?' But Mr. Kazan smiled and said, 'Bring him around, nine o'clock tomorrow morning.'"

"So I phoned Timmy Everett, my friend, a very good actor. I told him what I'd done and told him to meet at the Automat at 8:30 the next morning. He did. He was very calm and kind of smiling as he walked in. We had a cup of coffee and then he said, 'Okay, Tuesday, the joke's up—now can I go home?' I swore that I wasn't kidding. When he realized I was serious he started shaking like a leaf. But eventually we got to the theater and Timmy read. A week later, he got a phone call saying he'd got the part. That same day I got a call saying they'd signed somebody else for the part I'd wanted but that I could be her understudy and understudy to another girl if I liked.

"I felt like bawling. But I told myself that understudies get a chance to go on sometimes. So I said yes anyway, I'd take the job."

A few months after the hit show opened, Tuesday got her chance. She played Broadway for a week.

After one of the performances, a Hollywood talent agent came backstage.

"You're good," he said, in so many words. "Drop by to see me if you ever come to the Coast."

Within the next ten days she told her mother they were going West, quit the show and they were off.

The agent—a little flabbergasted, but impressed—took Tuesday on a round of the studios.

It all seemed fine, at first.

Too much of a novelty

Everyone seemed to like the girl.

Nobody committed himself, but the hint of seven-year contracts here and there was definitely in the air.

But, before many days had passed, Tuesday—away from the studios—seemed to be proving herself too much of a novelty.

Word got out about some of her remarks on Hollywood, her proposals, etc. Word got out about the billiards fixation, the beatnik wig, etc.

Somehow, the contract talk subsided.

And then a woman wise to the ways of the business had a talk with Tuesday.

"Honey," she said, "these people out here are getting nervous. They're not going to give you a million-dollar buildup if you foul them up from the very beginning. Get smart. Drop the act."

"What act?" Tuesday asked. "Everything I do and say is me. I'm not a puppet."

"You'll be sorry," the woman said.

"We'll see," Tuesday said back.

To herself she added, "If I've really got what it takes, there's nothing that's gonna stop me."

That was a little less than a year ago. Since that time Tuesday—though still

not under contract—has made two pictures (*Rally 'Round The Flag, Boys* for Twentieth Century-Fox and Danny Kaye's *The Five Pennies* for Paramount), as well as a Pilot film for the forthcoming television series, *The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis*. And all this more or less on her own.

How she got the role in the Danny Kaye picture is a good example of how this ambitious fifteen-year-old gets what she wants.

A lucky accident

One morning she read that Danny was testing girls to play his nineteen-year-old daughter. The 'nineteen' happened to be a misprint, but Tuesday didn't know that.

She contacted her agent for an appointment with Danny, and got one.

The morning of the appointment she rose early and spent hours making herself look as old as possible—tight sweater, tight skirt, mascara, eye shadow, hair braided up, high heels, gloves, pocketbook, the works.

When she was finished, she looked in the mirror. Something was wrong, up in the sweater area.

So she walked to a drawer, opened it and pulled out a huge pair of falsies she'd bought once.

A few minutes later she was satisfied and left the apartment for the studio.

When she walked into Danny's office, he shook his head.

"I thought you were fifteen," he said.

"I am, Mr. Kaye," said Tuesday.

"You look about twenty," he said.

"I know, Mr. Kaye," said Tuesday.

"But the part calls for a fourteen-year-old," said Danny.

Then, in what seemed to be one motion, she turned her back to him, pulled the bobby pins from her pigtails—letting them drop to her shoulders, reached under her sweater to remove the falsies—letting them drop to the floor, turned back to Danny, rushed over to him, threw her arms around him and shouted:

"Daddy!!!"

"Of course she got the part," someone who was in the room has said. "How could she miss with that kind of brain, that kind of spirit? In fact, how can she ever miss? I know, there's been a lot of criticism, some people are actually frightened by her. But believe me, you can't ignore drive when it's combined with talent. And this beat baby has both. Give her three years and see. She'll be one of the hottest properties this town has ever known."

Tuesday's mother agrees.

"When she was born," says Mrs. Weld, "I held her in my arms and I had a premonition that this child of mine was special, that she was going to be famous someday. So far it's been a pretty good premonition."

END

Tuesday will soon appear in Paramount's *THE FIVE PENNIES*.

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